

HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE



COMPILED AND EDITED
BY
REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF
AND
HARPER G. SMYTH

JAMES McGRANAHAN
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR

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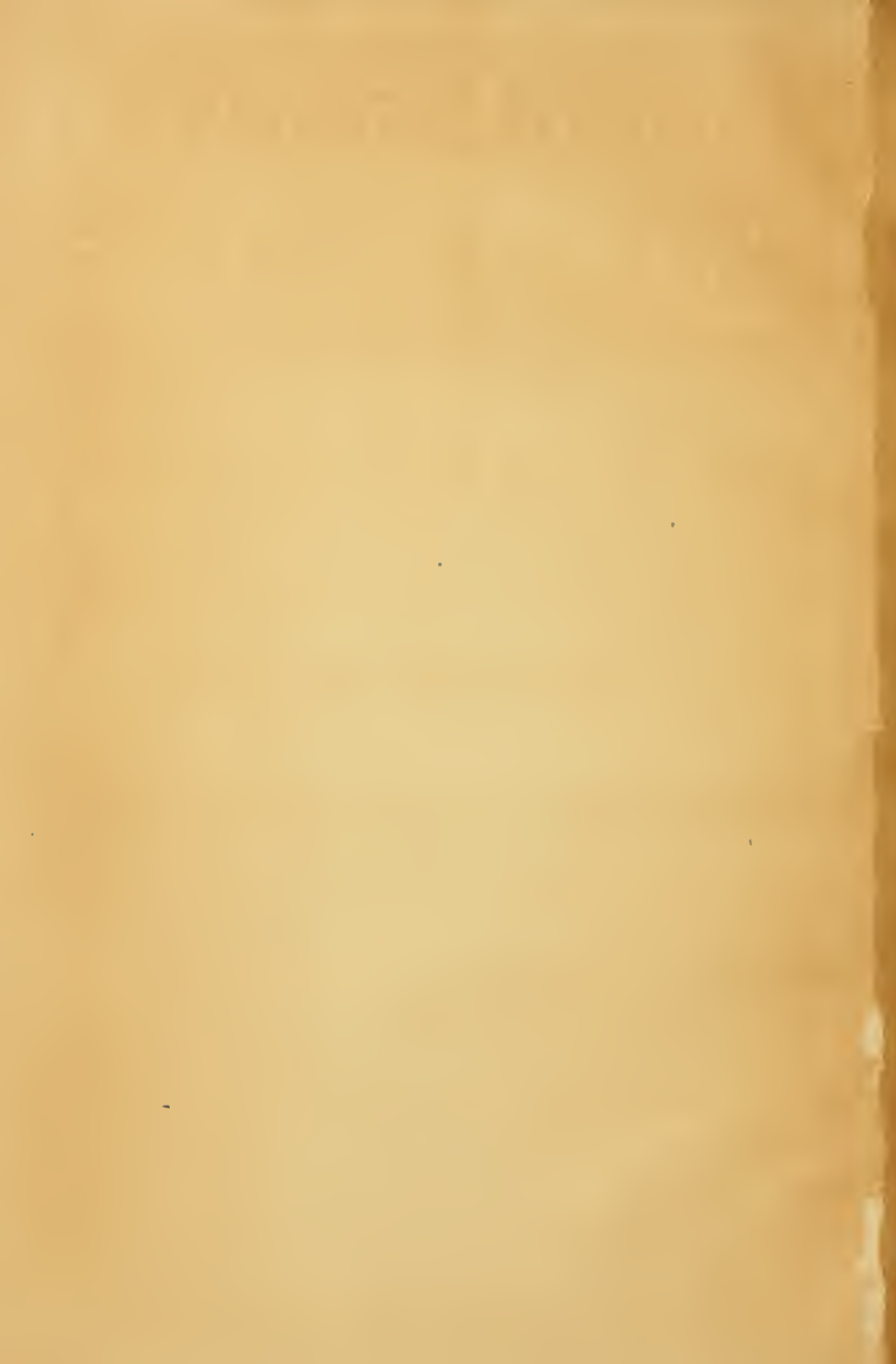
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HYMNS FOR

HIS PRAISE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF

AND

H A R P E R G . S M Y T H

ASSISTED BY

PROFESSOR HARRY MAXWELL

J A M E S M c G R A N A H A N
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR

PRICE

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

Prefatory Word

In constant touch for many years with pastors, evangelists and Sunday School superintendents we have come to learn and appreciate what seems to be an almost universal desire concerning the class of song books to which this one belongs. It is needless to say how very much we believe **HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE** will meet the ever growing demand to which we have referred.

We respectfully ask those seeking for a song book for use in evangelistic meetings, young peoples' societies, mid-week prayer service and Sunday schools to notice:

FIRST, The large number of old familiar hymns that have always been dear to the church and whose worth we can never overestimate.

SECOND, The large number of more modern songs that have been tried and proven and are deservedly popular with Christian people everywhere.

THIRD, The large number of the latest and most expensive copyrighted songs that can be procured.

FOURTH, The large number of pieces appropriate for solos, duets, etc.

FIFTH, The unusual size of the book for the moderate price for which it sells.

Trusting that this selection of songs may prove to be all that we hope for it and that the hearts and consciences of thousands may be quickened by their use, we send them forth on their mission with grateful acknowledgement to Him in whose Name we trust they have all been written.

THE EDITORS.

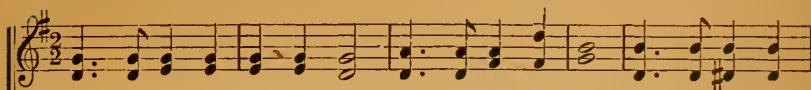
HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE.



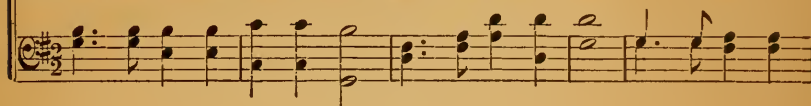
Thee We Worship.

MARY J. CARTWRIGHT.

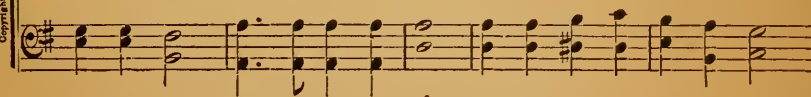
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



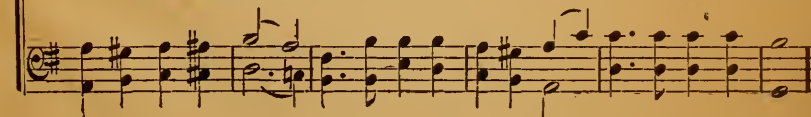
1. Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry to the Son, Glo - ry to the
2. Thee we wor-ship, Thee a - dore, Match-less Three in One! By our heav'n-ly
3. Thee we wor-ship, Thee a - dore, Match-less Three in One! Oh, ac-cept our



Ho - ly Ghost, Match-less Three in One! Who in the be - gin - ning were,
Fa - ther loved, Ran-somed by His Son, By the Spir - it pur - i - fied,
hum - ble praise, Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son; May the ho - ly Com-fort - er



In the pres-ent be; Who shall reign world without end, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
And from day to day Guard-ed, Oh, so watch-ful-ly, Lest we go a-stray.
Be our constant guide; Then with Thee, in earth and heav'n, Tru - ly we'll a - bide.



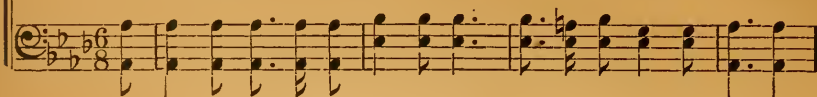
Nobody Loves Like Jesus.

EFFIE S. BLACK.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. Oh, tell the glo - ri - ous news to all, No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
2. Oh, heav - y la - den and sore op-pressed, No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
3. Art hun - gry, thirst-y, Oh, wea - ry soul? No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
4. Oh, won-droumer-cy, so full, so free! No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;



He marks the pen - i - tent's earn-est call, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 He'll bear the bur-den, He'll give you rest, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 Art wound-ed? lo, He can make you whole, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 Oh, love, that suf-fered for you and me, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.



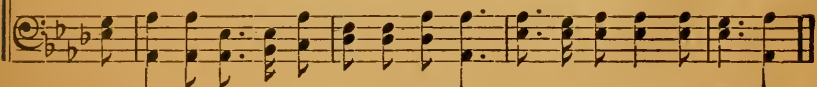
CHORUS.



No - bod - y loves like Je - sus! No - bod - y loves like Je - sus!



His love and pow - er are with you each hour, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.



Face to Face.

5

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.



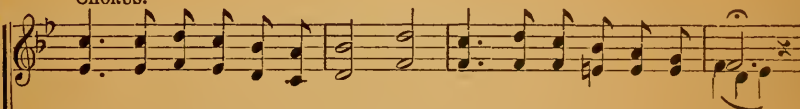
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be-tween;
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ish'd grief and pain;
4. Face to face! Oh! bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



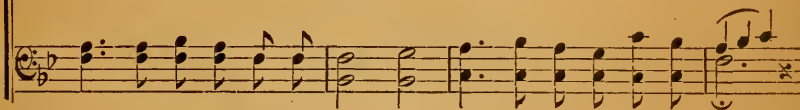
When with rapt-ure I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star - ry sky;

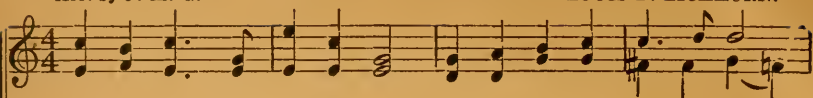


Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

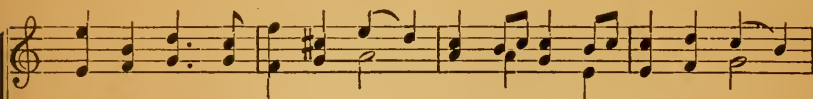


Freedom Reigns.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



1. Free-dom reigns with - in the hearts Where the Sav - ior Christ is King!
2. Now no long - er un - der law Where the Sav - ior Christ is King!
3. Sin doth not con - trol in lives Where the Sav - ior Christ is King!
4. Death hath lost its dread - ed pow'r Where the Sav - ior Christ is King!



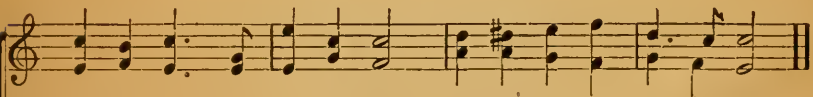
Free - dom that His truth im - parts; Well may all the ran-somed sing!
 Grace our will - ing feet doth draw; Well may all the ran-somed sing!
 There a new cre - a - tion thrives; Well may all the ran-somed sing!
 In the res - ur - rec - tion hour; Well may all the ran-somed sing!



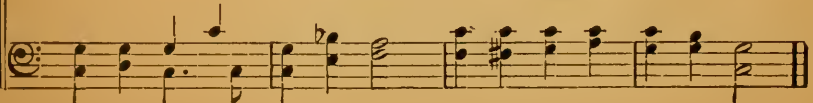
CHORUS.



O how free! Glad are we! Ring out the day of ju - bi - lee!



Christ the Sav - ior is our King, Let the song of free - dom ring!



Able to Save.

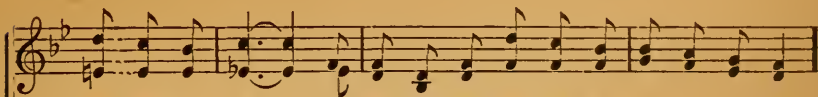
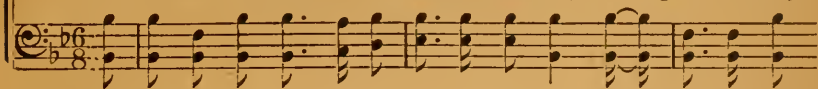
7

EFFIE S. BLACK.

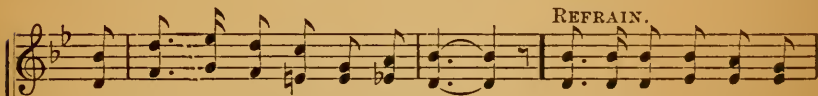
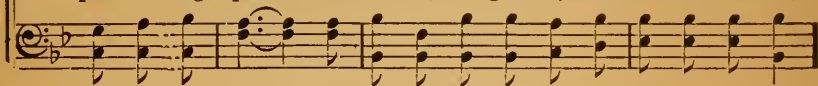
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.



1. God so loved the world, when in darkness 'twas lost, That He sent forth His
2. The dear Sav - ior came all our bur - dens to bear; For us He lived
3. O Thou who hast died to re - deem us from sin, Now grant us Thy

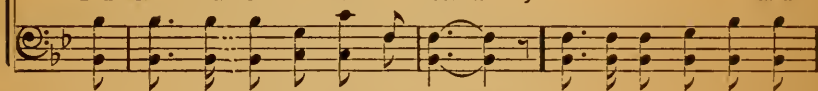


Son from a - bove, Who came to re - deem us at in - fin - ite cost,
hum - bly and poor, That we, thro' His pov - er - ty, rich - es might share,
par - don - ing peace; Re - ceive us, for - give us, and cleanse us with - in;

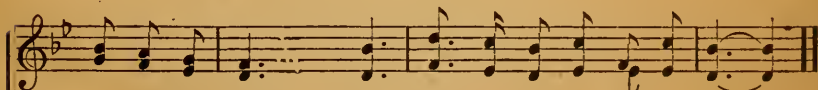
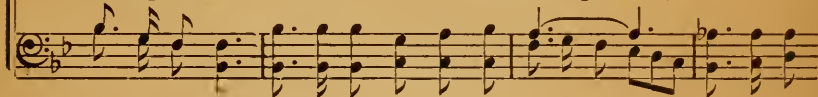


REFRAIN.

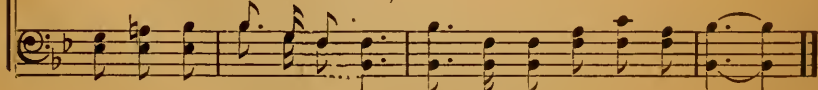
And light - ed the world with His love. } Je - sus is a - ble to
And joys that for - ev - er en - dure. }
Bid sin and sin's sor - row to cease. } and



save,..... Je - sus is a - ble to save;..... No one but
will - ing to save, and will - ing to save;



Je - sus can save you, Je - sus is a - ble to save.
is a - ble to save,

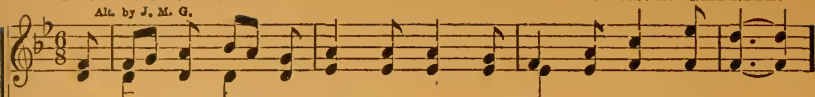


What Is the Cross?

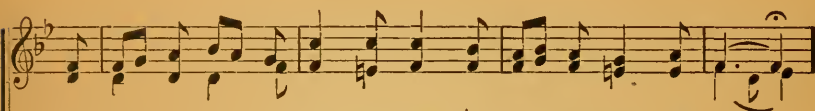
GEO. W. CROFTS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

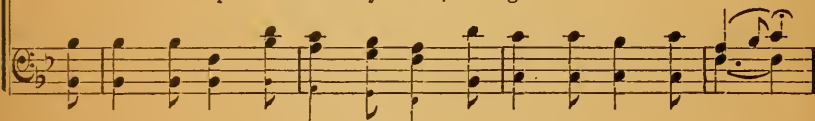
Alc. by J. M. G.



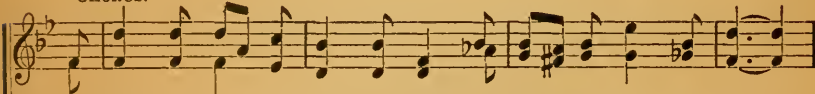
1. What is the cross? the crim - son cross? What mean you by this sign?
2. The cross is not an i - dol, vain; On it was cru - ci - fied
3. The cross de - clares that who - so - e'er Be - liev - eth on His Name,
4. Then should His cross e'er suf - fer loss? Or should you hes - i - tate,



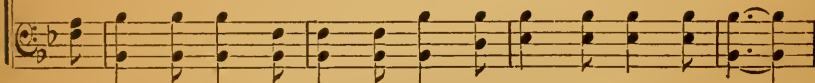
Why should it nev - er suf - fer loss? And how may it be mine?
 The Son of God, who bore our pain, And who for sin - ners died!
 Shall e'er thro' grace His glo - ry share, And shall be free from blame.
 Be - cause of hope of world - ly dross, His gift of life to take?



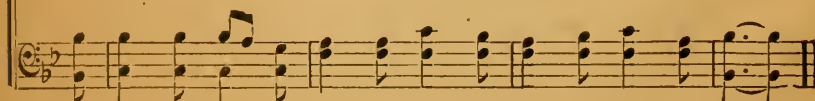
CHORUS.



What means the cross, the crim - son cross, The blood from Je - sus' side?



It means He bore our pain and loss And that for us He died.




Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

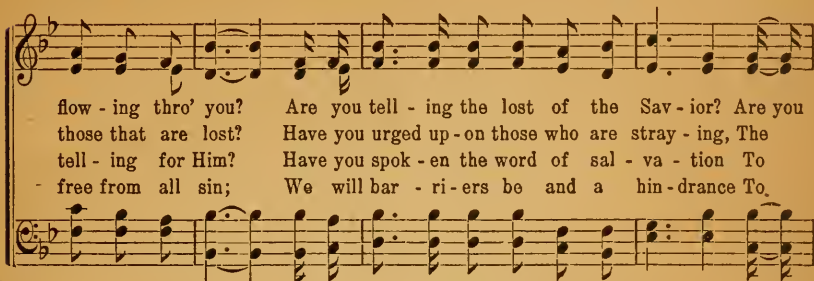
9

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

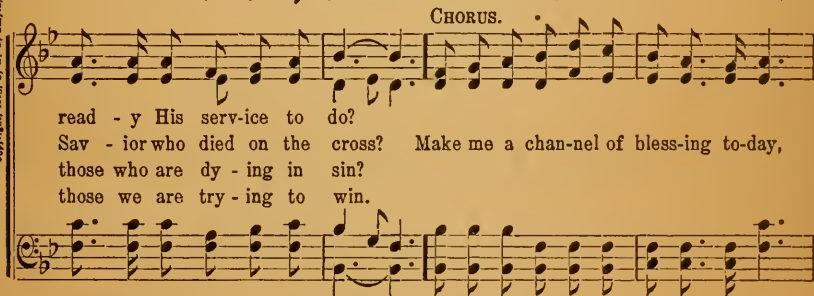


1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
 4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not

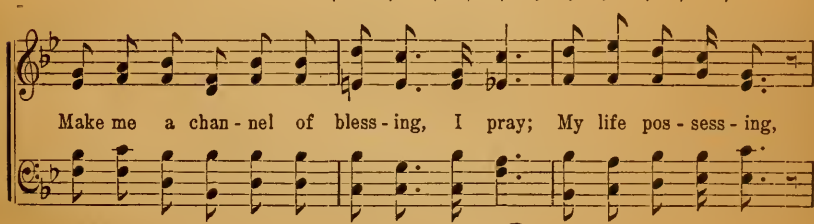


flow - ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
 tell - ing for Him? Have you spok - en the word of sal - va - tion To
 - free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To.

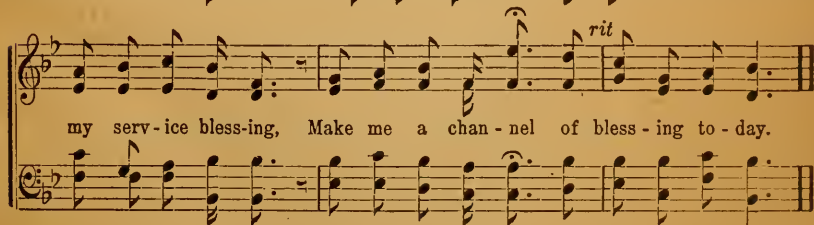
CHORUS.



read - y His serv - ice to do?
 Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day,
 those who are dy - ing in sin?
 those we are try - ing to win.



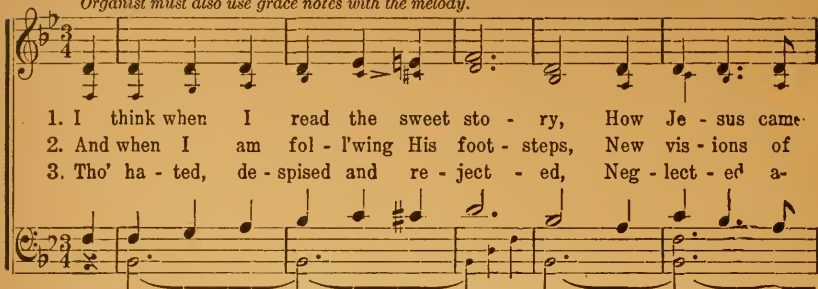
Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,



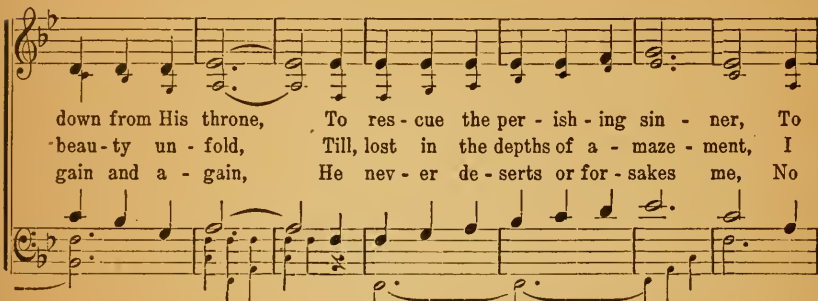
my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.

C. H. G.

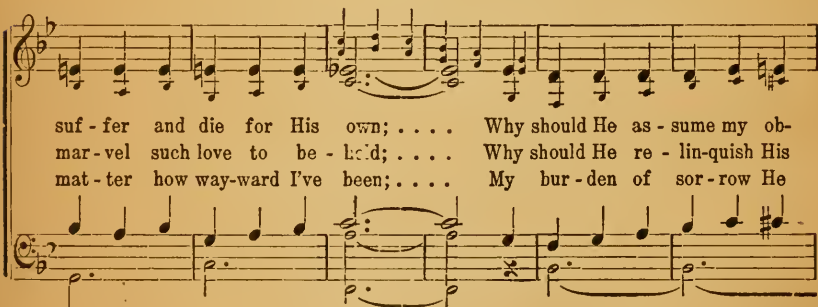
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

*Duet for Alto and Tenor.**Organist must also use grace notes with the melody.*


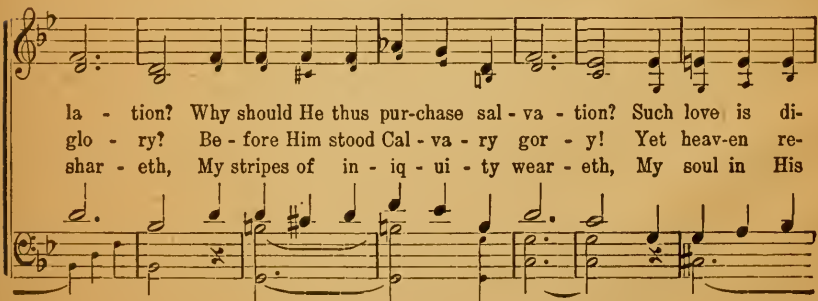
1. I think when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
 2. And when I am fol - lowing His foot - steps, New vis - ions of
 3. Tho' ha - ted, de - spised and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a -



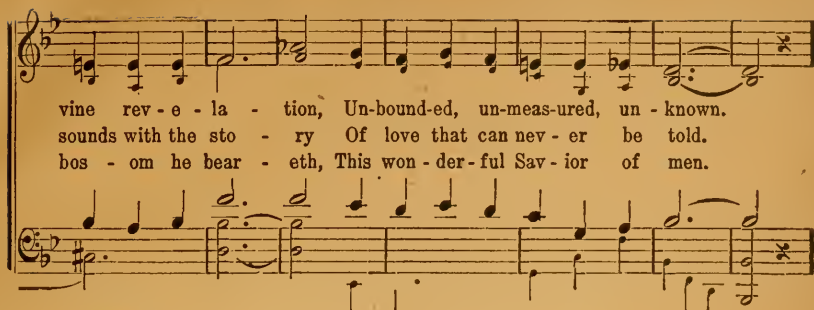
down from His throne, To res - cue the per - ish - ing sin - ner, To
 beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment, I
 gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts or for - sakes me, No



suf - fer and die for His own; Why should He as - sume my ob -
 mar - vel such love to be - hold; Why should He re - lin - quish His
 mat - ter how way - ward I've been; My bur - den of sor - row He

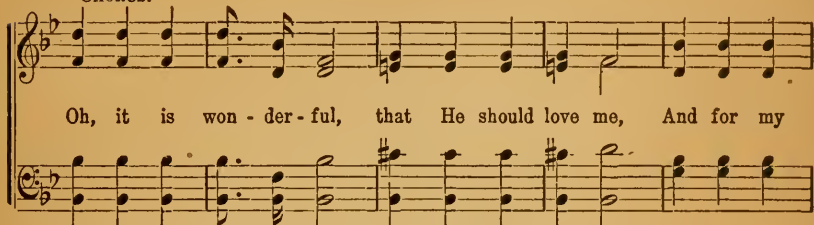


la - tion? Why should He thus pur - chase sal - va - tion? Such love is di -
 glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry gor - y! Yet heav - en re -
 shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, My soul in His

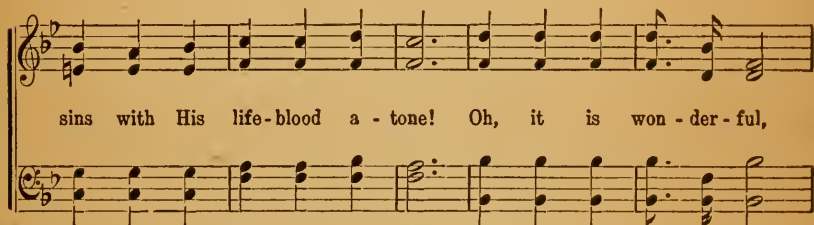


vine rev - e - la - tion, Un-bound-ed, un-meas-ured, un - known.
 sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.
 bos - om he bear - eth, This won - der - ful Say - ior of men.

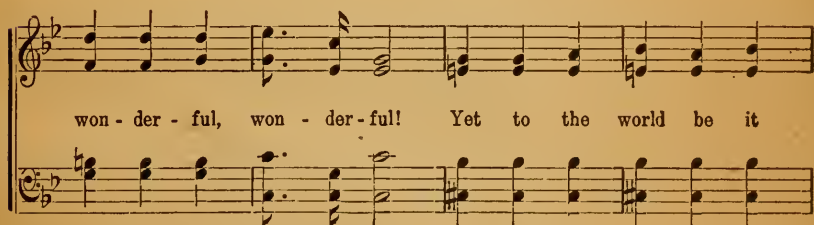
CHORUS.



Oh, it is won - der - ful, that He should love me, And for my



sins with His life-blood a - tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful! Yet to the world be it



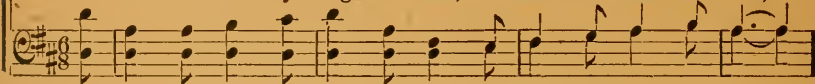
known, He brought me a - gain to His own.

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS.

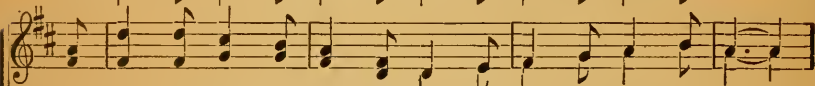
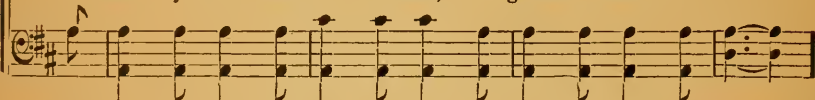
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



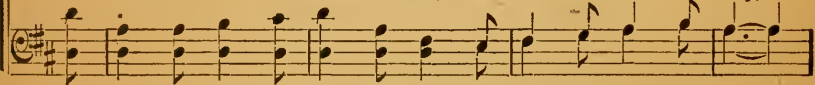
1. Ye loi - t'ers in the mark - et place, Why do ye i - dle stand?
 2. A field, the Mas - ter calls this world, And grains, the souls of men,
 3. If i - dle still ye long - er stand, Nor heed the Mas - ter's call,



Come forth un - to the har - vest field, There's work on ev - 'ry hand!
 Each one is pre - cious in His sight Tho' hid in lone - ly glenn;
 How shall ye an - swer for the loss, If grains to earth should fall?



The rip - ened grain is bend - ing low, And soon it may be lost,
 He fain would gath - er ev - 'ry grain, But la - bor - ers are few;
 Then hast - en to the har - vest field, The Mas - ter's call o - bey,



The ker - nals fair, be quick to save, Wait not to count the cost.
 Come forth and help Him save His own, There's work for you to do.
 And la - bor with a will - ing hand Un - til the close of day.



CHORUS.



Come forth, come forth, . . . the Mas - ter's call o -
 Come forth, come forth the Mas - ter's call, the Mas - ter's



bey! . . . Come forth, come forth, . . . He
 call o - bey! Come forth, come forth, He bids you come, He

bids you come to - day; . . . bids you come to - day. . .
 bids you come to - day; bids you come to - day.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der -
 2. To and fro as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
 3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the prom - ise

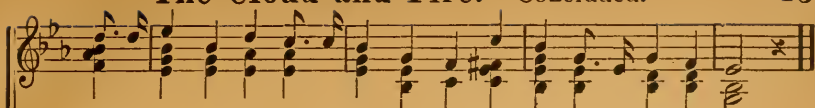
ness to dwell, Trust - ing they in their God to lead the way To the
 thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
 they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid - ance sure, They were

CHORUS.

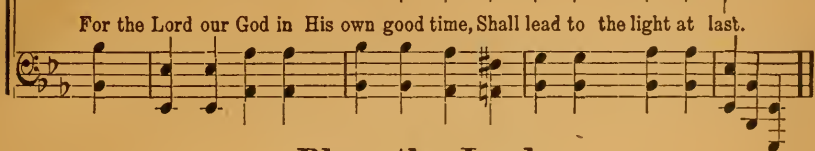
light of per - fect day.
 faint - ing hearts to cheer. So the sign of the fire by night, And the
 brought to Ca - naan's shore.

sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they journey

on their way, Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,



For the Lord our God in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.



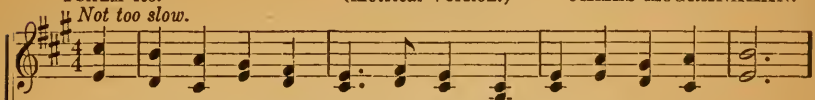
Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103.

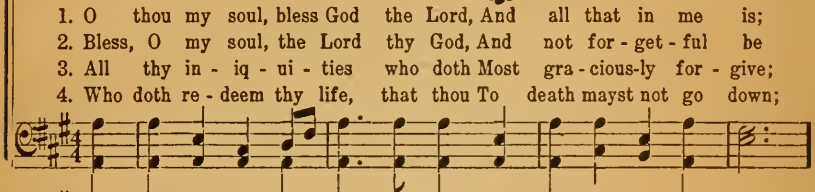
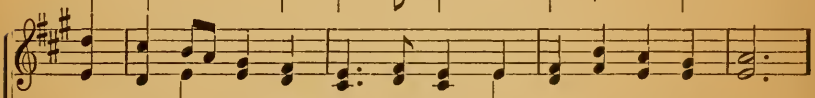
Not too slow.

(Metrical Version.)

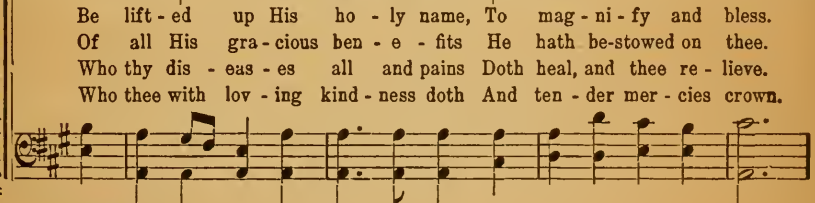
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be
3. All thy in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give;
4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;

Be lift-ed up His ho-ly name, To mag-ni-fy and bless.
 Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
 Who thy dis-eas-es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re-lieve.
 Who thee with lov-ing kind-ness doth And ten-der mer-cies crown.



CHORUS.



"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
 Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,



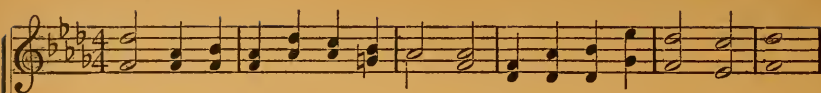
And all that is with-in me, Bless His ho-ly ly name."
 Bless His ho-ly



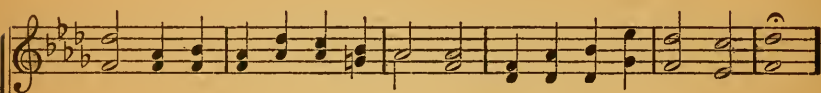
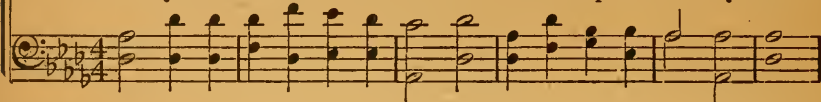
What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

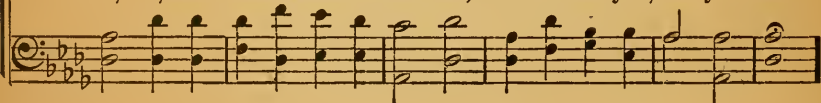
(From the Welsh.) W. OWEN.



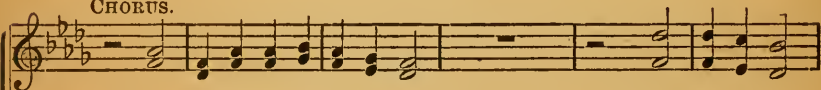
1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an - gel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this tale wondrous proceedeth, Stirring heart and tongue a-flame!
4. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?



Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One on the cross for-sak - en Was one of the God-head Three!
 As our High Priest in heav'n He pleadeth, And Christ Je-sus is His name!
 You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!



CHORUS.

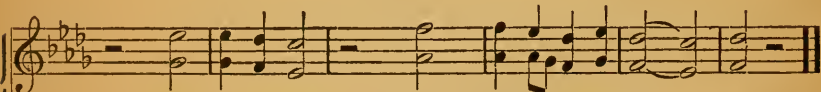
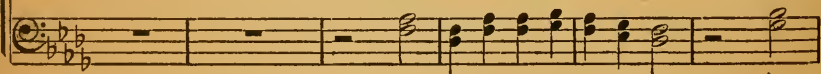


Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss?

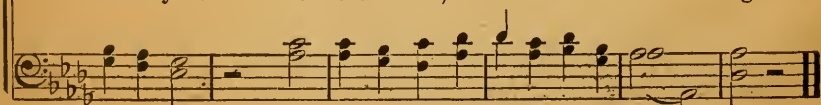
What did He do?

Who but God's Son upon the cross!

He



Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!
 died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!

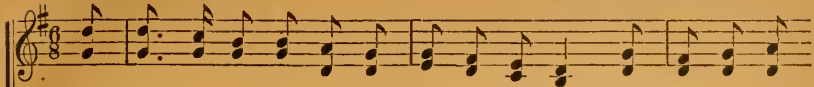


Keep Praising the Lord.

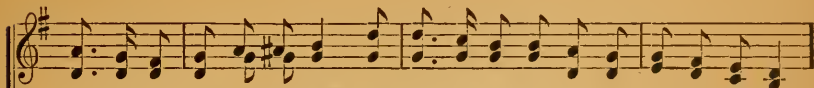
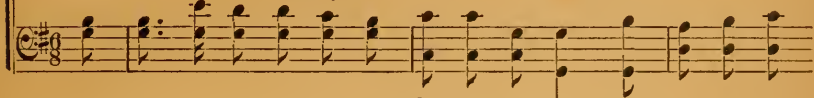
17

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

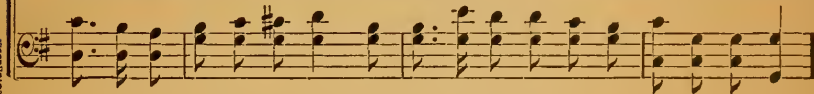
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Oh, let us keep prais-ing, keep prais-ing the Lord, His mer - cies are
2. The tears that are flow - ing are not - ed on high, And joy will be
3. The bat - tle is won when the war - ri - ors sing; The en - e - my



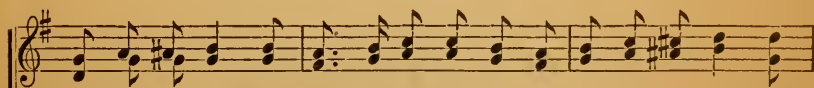
won - der-ful, tell them a-broad! Our hearts are o'er-flow-ing, let Him be a -dored!
shin - ing thro' them by and by; To droop and be gloom-y we can-not af - ford;
flees when the cho - rus - es ring; For grace and sal - va-tion and Spir - it out-poured;



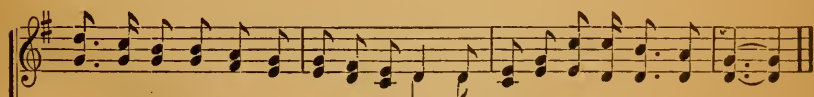
CHORUS.



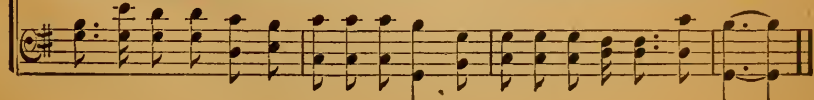
Oh, let us keep prais-ing the Lord! With na - ture's sweet voic-es in



earth, sea, and sky, With rank up-on rank of the an - gels on nigh, With

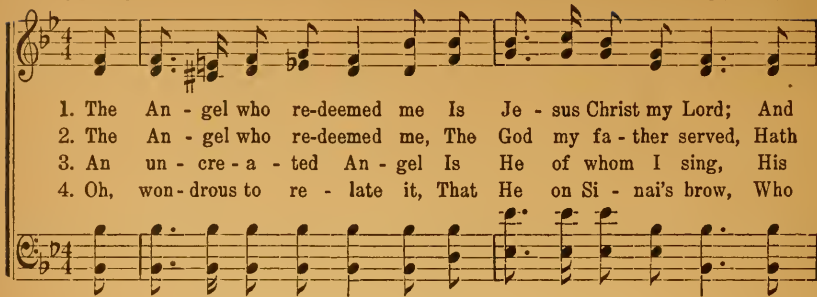


all the redeemed who now join in ac-cord, Oh, let us keep praising the Lord!

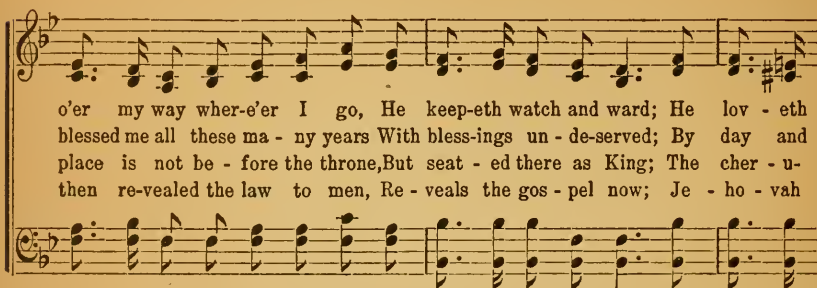


JAMES M. GRAY.

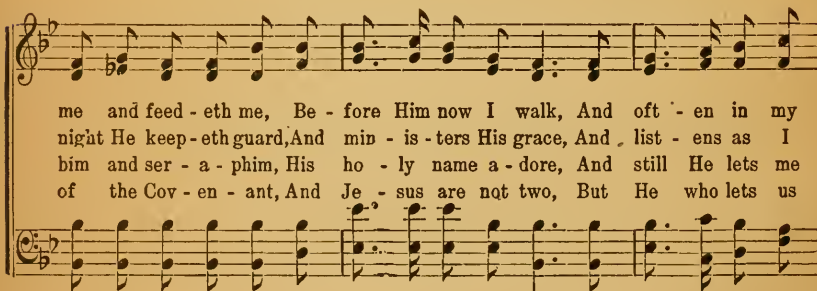
D. B. TOWNER.



1. The An - gel who re-deemed me Is Je - sus Christ my Lord; And
 2. The An - gel who re-deemed me, The God my fa - ther served, Hath
 3. An un - cre - a - ted An - gel Is He of whom I sing, His
 4. Oh, won - drous to re - late it, That He on Si - nai's brow, Who

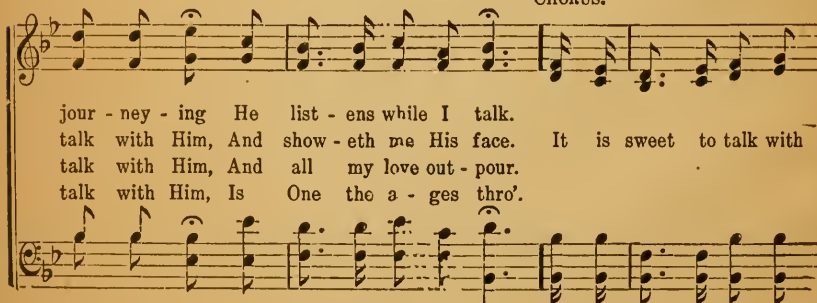


o'er my way wher-e'er I go, He keep-eth watch and ward; He lov - eth
 blessed me all these ma - ny years With bless-ings un - de-served; By day and
 place is not be - fore the throne, But seat - ed there as King; The cher - u -
 then re-vealed the law to men, Re - veals the gos - pel now; Je - ho - vah



me and feed - eth me, Be - fore Him now I walk, And oft - en in my
 night He keep-eth guard, And min - is - ters His grace, And list - ens as I
 him and ser - a - phim, His ho - ly name a - dore, And still He lets me
 of the Cov - en - ant, And Je - sus are not two, But He who lets us

CHORUS.



jour - ney - ing He list - ens while I talk.
 talk with Him, And show - eth me His face. It is sweet to talk with
 talk with Him, And all my love out - pour.
 talk with Him, Is One the a - ges thro'.

Je - sus, The Guar - dian of my way, The An - gel who re-deemed me, And
 guides me day by day; Oh, 'tis sweet to talk with Je - sus, As all His
 loved ones may; The An - gel who re-deem-eth thee Is He to whom we pray!

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY

ARRANGED.

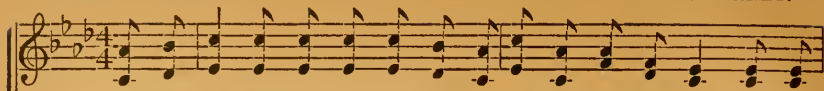
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D. C. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib. *D. C.*
 I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

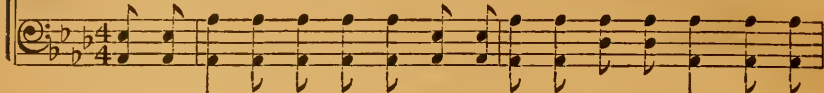
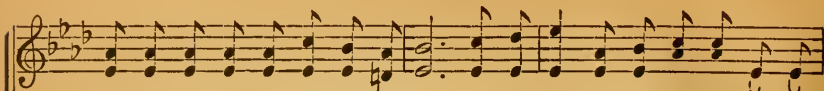
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

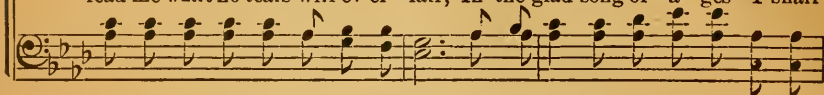

JNO. R. SWENEY.



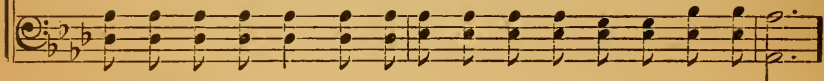
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

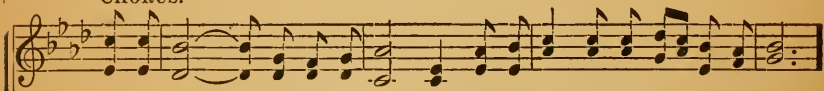
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall


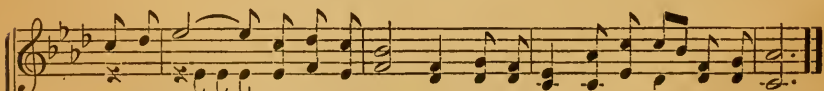
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



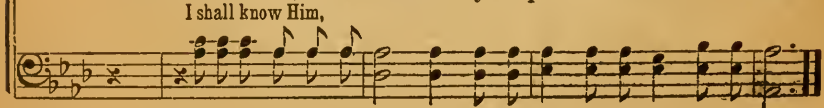
CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,

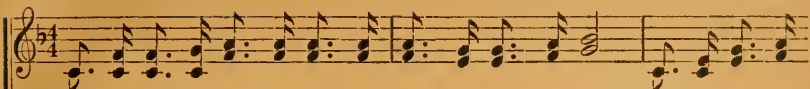


His Way With Thee.

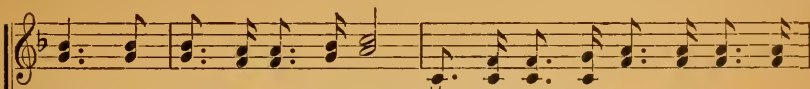
21

C. S. N.

REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.



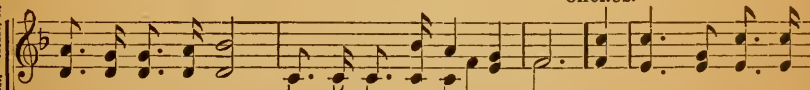
1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king - dom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove Him



Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor



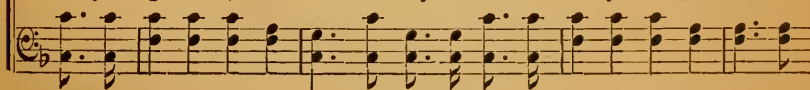
CHORUS.



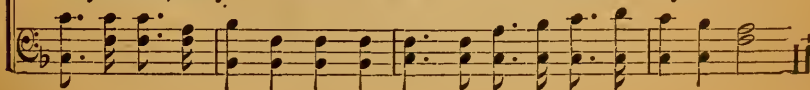
car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you"
al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

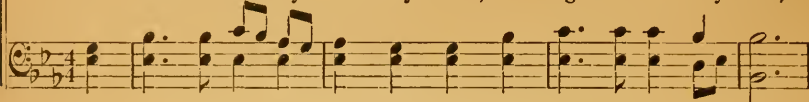


EL. NATHAN.

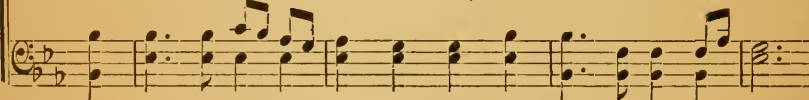
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's won - drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,



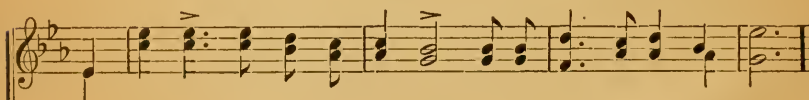
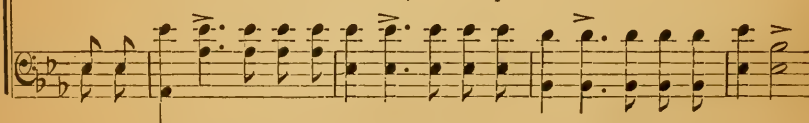
Nor why—un-wor-ty—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be-liev-ing in His word Wrought peace with-in my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - ate - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be-liev - ed, And am per - suad-ed that He is a - ble



To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."



To Thee I Come.

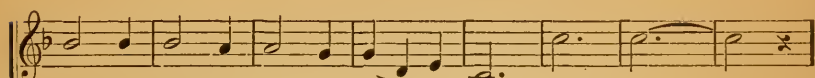
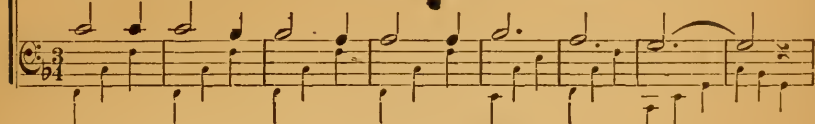
23

M. L. WILSON.
DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

IDYL LONG-HOLMES.



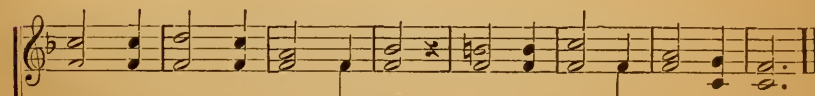
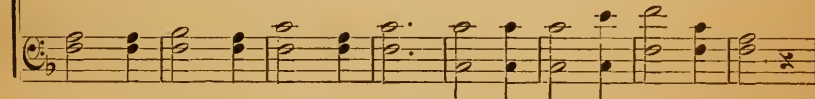
1. Who hath ears to hear the call - ing Of the Spir - it,
2. Tho' the years have left but sad - ness, And shall haunt me,
3. Help hu - man - i - ty to hear Thee, Dear - est Lord,



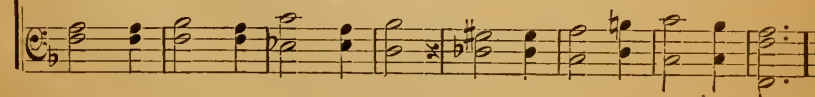
Now like morn - ing dew - drops fall - ing, Let Him hear it;
Yet, with Christ is peace and glad - ness, Naught shall daunt me;
Call - ing man to love and fear Thee Through Thy word;



And the Bride a - dorned doth say, "Come em-brace the proffered day;"
Take the ves - sel, Lord, I pray, Thou the Pot - ter, I the clay,
Not the good com'st Thou to save, But the hum - ble, sin-bound slave,



Tremb - ling, pen - i - tent and dumb, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee I come.
Thou who when re - viled wast dumb, In Thy mer - cy, Lord, I come.
Seek - ing all, blind, lame and dumb, Spir - it and the Bride say come."



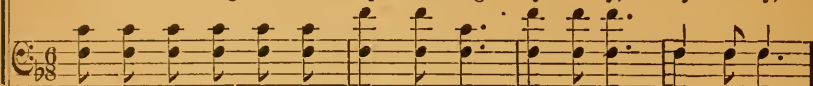
Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

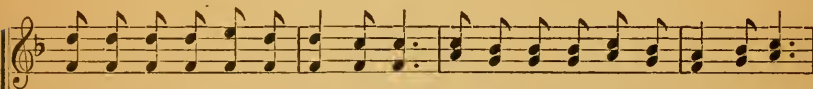
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



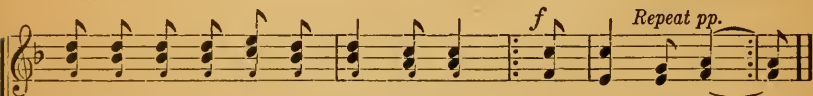
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,



Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? Shall I? . . .
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I? . . .



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will there be - hold,
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of earth be free,
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the door is barred,
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have gone be - fore,



Feast on the pleas - ures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I?
 Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I?
 Some one will fail of the saint's re - ward; Shall you? shall I?
 Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more; Shall you? shall I?




There's a Great Day Coming.


25

W. L. T.

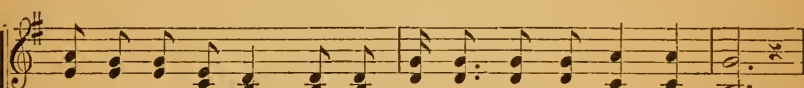
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a




great day com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
 bright day com - ing by and by, But its bright - ness shall on - ly come to
 sad day com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear His doom, "De-

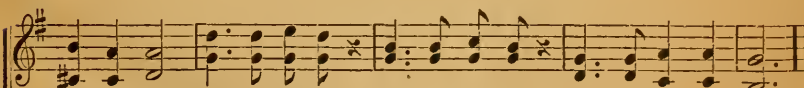


part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read - y? are you read - y? Are you read - y for the



judgment day? Are you read - y? are you read - y For the judgment day?

DR. VICTOR M. STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
 2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav - en's cit - y fair; Some
 3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

day the world be vanquished With all this mor - tal strife; Some day, the jour - ney
 day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones wait - ing there; Some day I'll hear the
 day re - ceive, un - meas - ured, The bless - ings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
 voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
 on me From that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown.
 heav'n's im - mor - tal song. Some day, some hap - py day,
 His un - dy - ing love. some hap - py day, some hap - py day,

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a - way.

Him, To dwell with Him some hap-py day.
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him hap-py day.

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART.

Anon.
FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
2. { Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come, God's free bount-y glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
3. { Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Or of fit - ness fond-ly dream; }
 { All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }
4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall, }
 { If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all. }

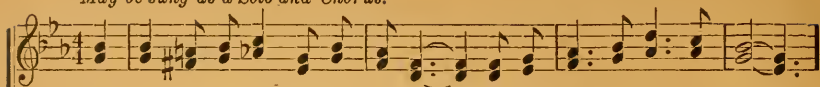
D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

B. B.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



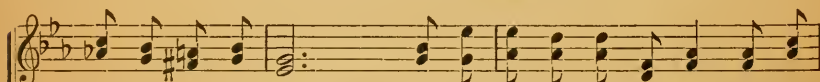
The storm that I feared may sur-round me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.



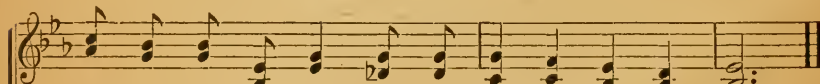
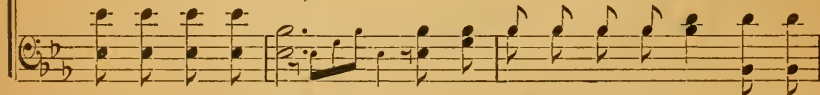
CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

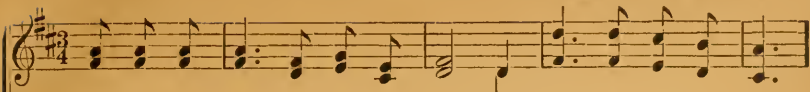


I Will Pass Over You.

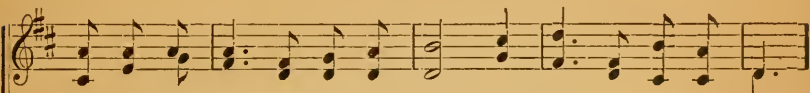
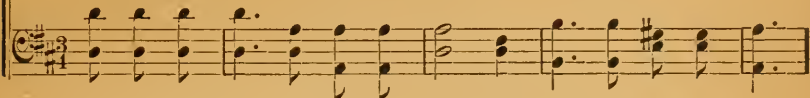
29

EL. NATHAN.

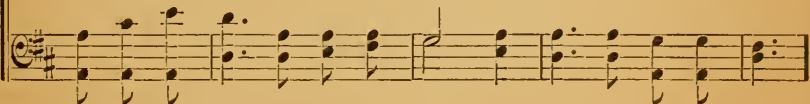
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



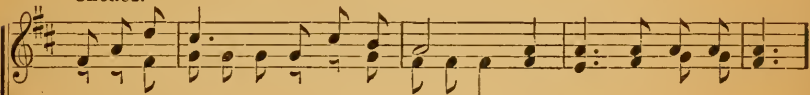
1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the Lamb, the Lamb of God, The pre-cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm shall pass the judg-ment hour, To all who do o - bey



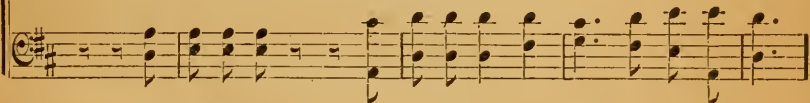
He puts them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
 When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
 The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
 And by His blood, His pre-cious blood, The debt for us was paid.
 The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.



CHORUS.



It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for - ev - er true;
 It is His word, God's pre-cious word,

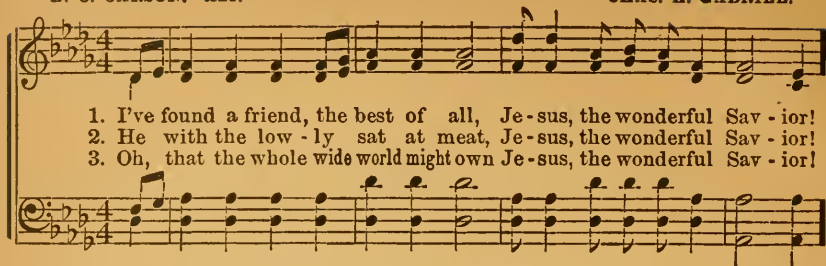


When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
 When I the Lord, shall see the blood,

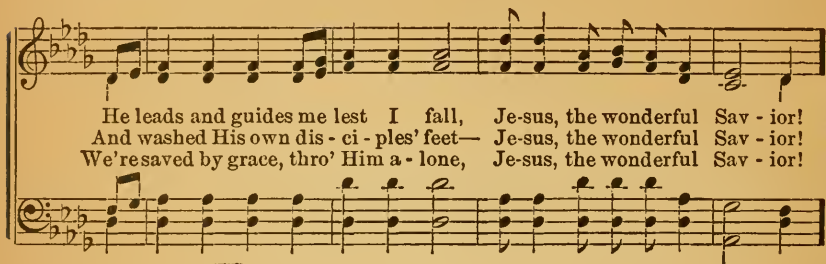


D. C. CARSON. ALT.

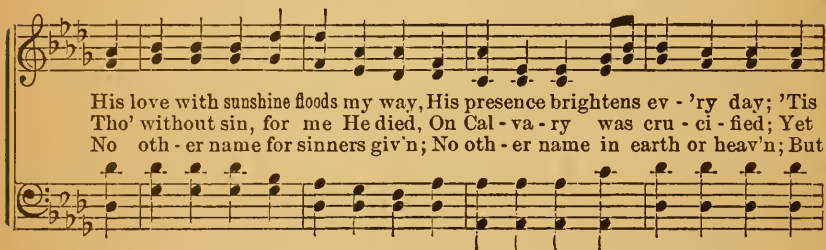
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



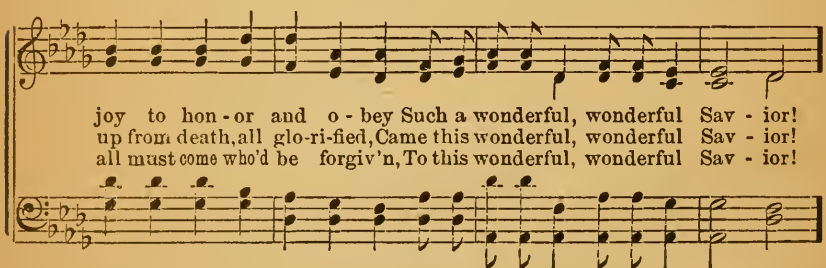
1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
 2. He with the low - ly sat at meat, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
 3. Oh, that the whole wide world might own Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!



He leads and guides me lest I fall, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
 And washed His own dis - ci - ples' feet— Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
 We're saved by grace, thro' Him a - lone, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!

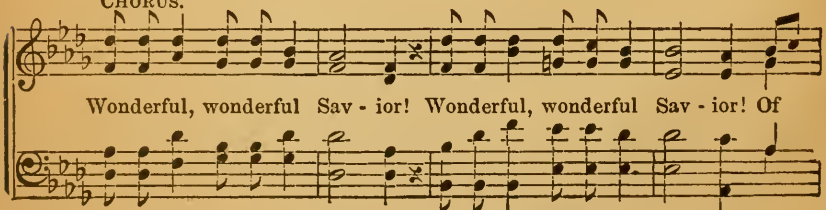


His love with sunshine floods my way, His presence brightens ev - 'ry day; 'Tis
 Tho' without sin, for me He died, On Cal - va - ry was cru - ci - fied; Yet
 No oth - er name for sinners giv'n; No oth - er name in earth or heav'n; But



joy to hon - or and o - bey Such a wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior!
 up from death, all glo - ri - fied, Came this wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior!
 all must come who'd be forgiv'n, To this wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior!

CHORUS.



Wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior! Wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior! Of

Him I'll sing, and ev - er will cling To this won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior.

Bringing the Lost to Jesus.

SELECTED.

H. G. SMYTH.

1. Out in the streets and by - ways, Down thro' the fields of sin,
2. Lift - ing the weak and fal - len Out of the depths of shame,
3. Work - ing till Je - sus tells us The har - vest time is o'er;

In - to the tan - gled hed - ges, Gath - 'ring the lost ones in.
 Of - fer - ing them sal - va - tion Thro' the Re - deem - er's name.
 Come from the hills, ye la - b'ers, Gath - er the sheaves no more.

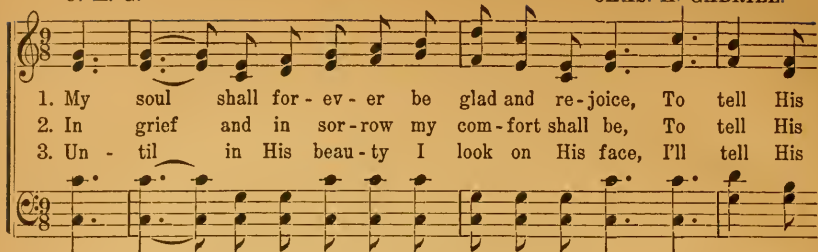
CHORUS.

Bring - ing the lost to Je - sus; Out from the world so cold,

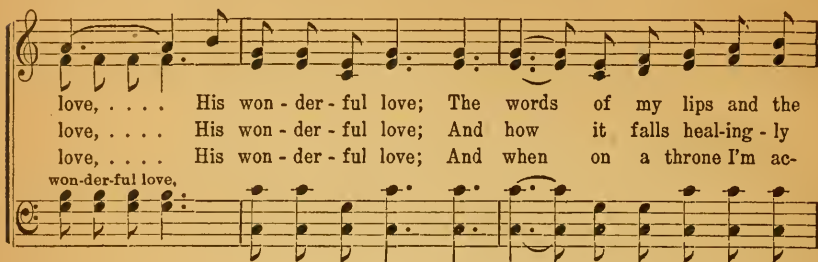
Out from the serv - ice of Sa - tan, In - to the Mas - ter's fold.

C. H. G.

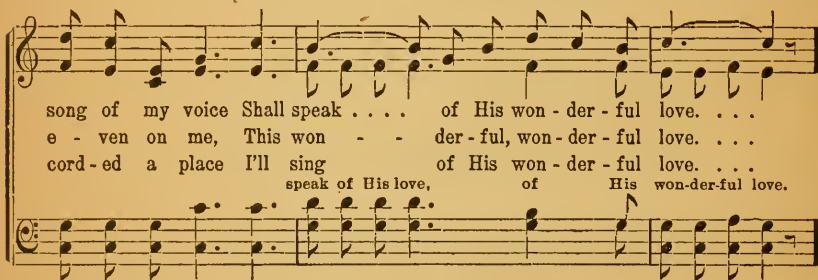
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. My soul shall for - ev - er be glad and re-joyce, To tell His
 2. In grief and in sor-row my com-fort shall be, To tell His
 3. Un - til in His beau-ty I look on His face, I'll tell His

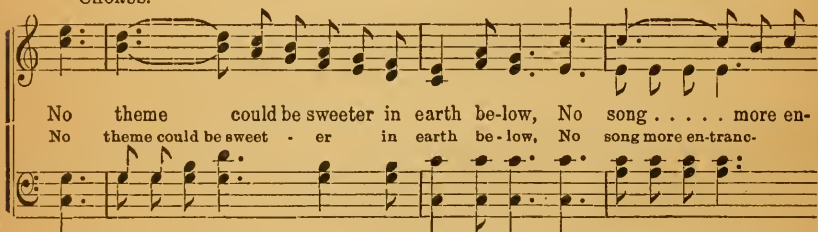


love, His won - der - ful love; The words of my lips and the
 love, His won - der - ful love; And how it falls heal-ing - ly
 love, His won - der - ful love; And when on a throne I'm ac-
 won-der-ful love,

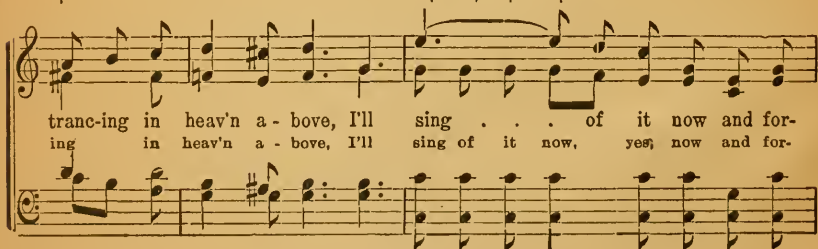


song of my voice Shall speak of His won - der - ful love. . . .
 e - ven on me, This won - - der - ful, won - der - ful love. . . .
 cord-ed a place I'll sing of His won - der - ful love. . . .
 speak of His love, of His won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.



No theme could be sweeter in earth be-low, No song more en-
 No theme could be sweet - er in earth be-low, No song more en-tranc-



tranc-ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing . . . of it now and for-
 ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing of it now, yes, now and for-

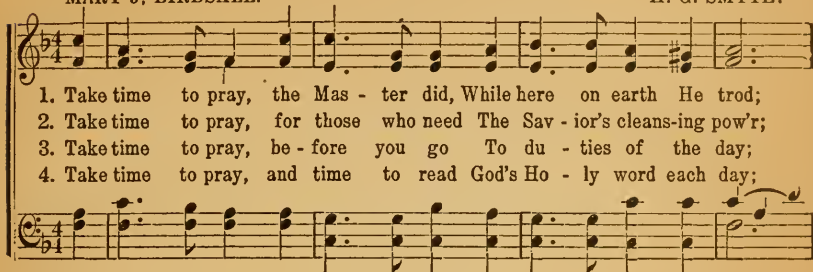


ev - er, This won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. der - ful, won - der - ful love.
 ev - er, This won - der - ful love, this won - der - ful love.

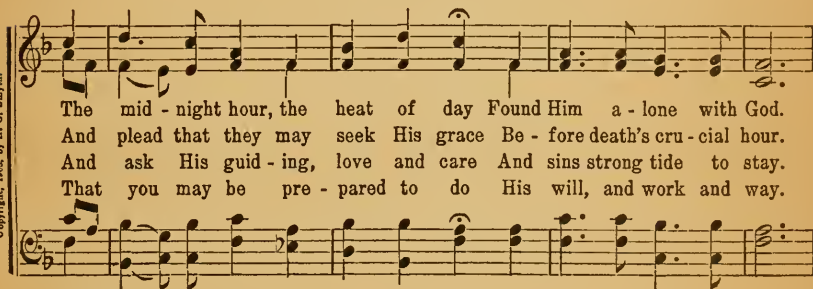
Take Time to Pray.

MARY J. BIRDSALL.

H. G. SMYTH.

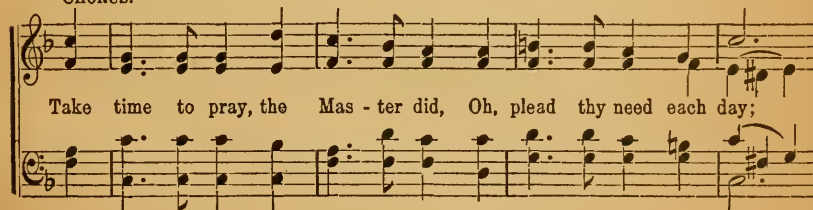


1. Take time to pray, the Mas - ter did, While here on earth He trod;
 2. Take time to pray, for those who need The Sav - ior's cleans-ing pow'r;
 3. Take time to pray, be - fore you go To du - ties of the day;
 4. Take time to pray, and time to read God's Ho - ly word each day;

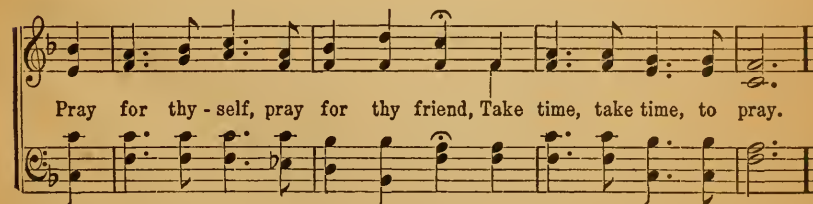


The mid - night hour, the heat of day Found Him a - lone with God.
 And plead that they may seek His grace Be - fore death's cru - cial hour.
 And ask His guid - ing, love and care And sins strong tide to stay.
 That you may be pre - pared to do His will, and work and way.

CHORUS.



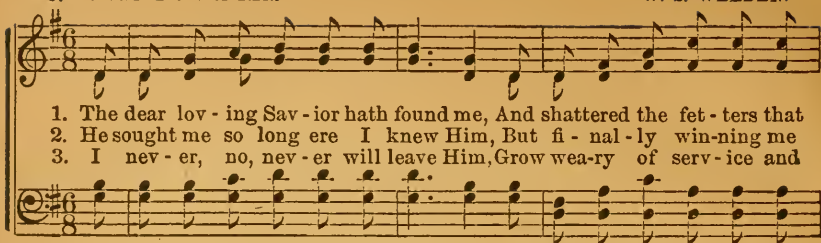
Take time to pray, the Mas - ter did, Oh, plead thy need each day;



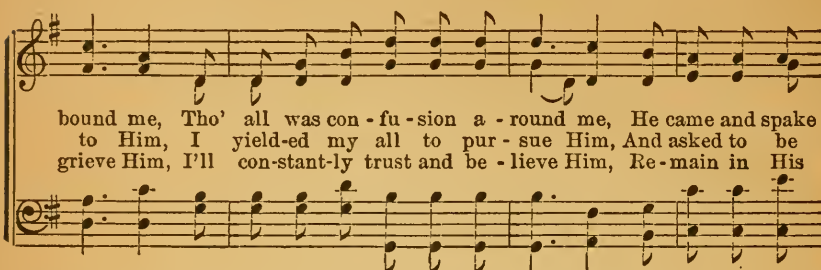
Pray for thy - self, pray for thy friend, Take time, take time, to pray.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

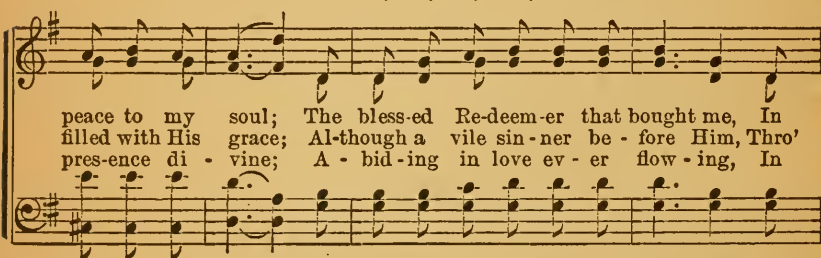
W. S. WEEDEN.



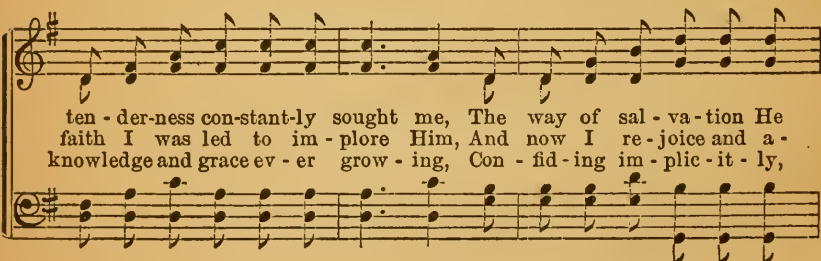
1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior hath found me, And shattered the fet - ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win - ning me
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of serv - ice and



bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

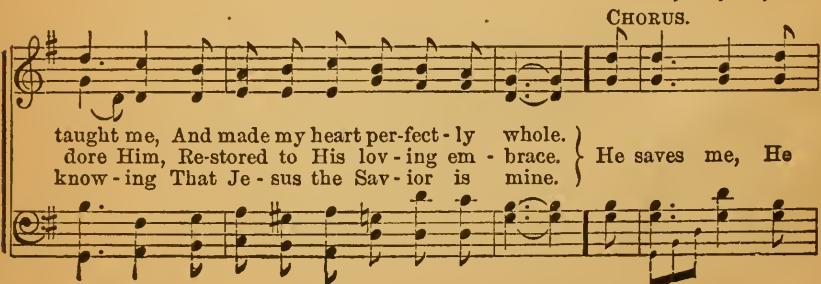


peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In
 filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

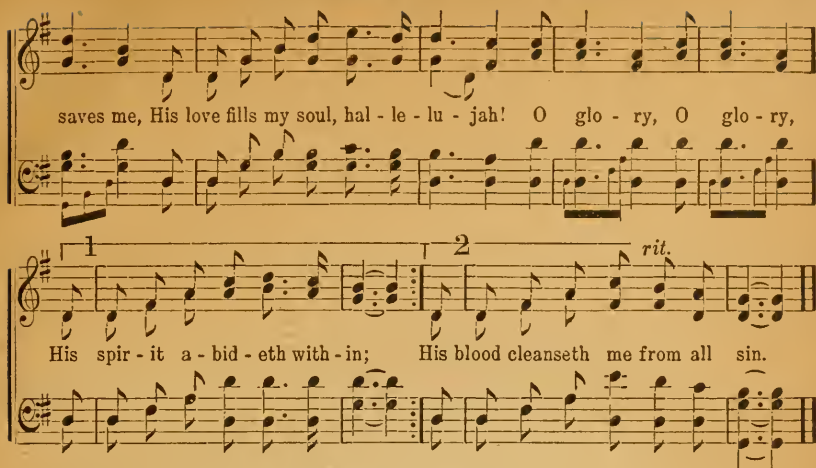


ten - der - ness con - stant - ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He
 faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

CHORUS.



taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole. }
 dore Him, Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace. } He saves me, He
 know - ing That Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine. }



saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,

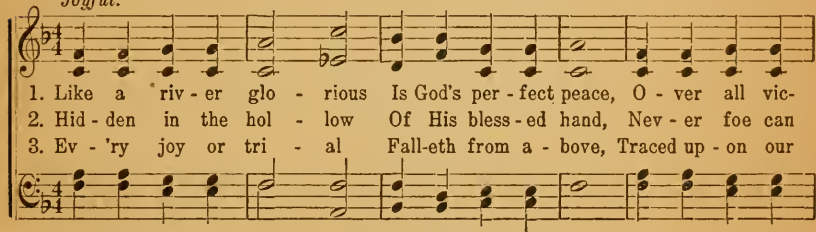
His spir - it a - bid - eth with - in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

Perfect Peace.

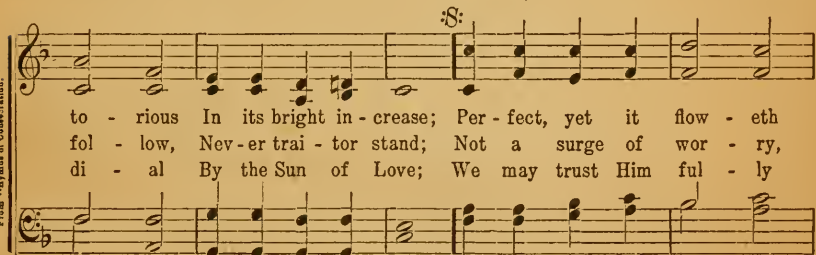
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.



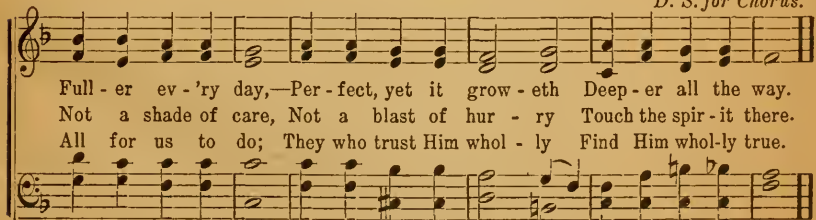
1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our



to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
 fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
 di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him ful - ly

CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,

D. S. for Chorus.

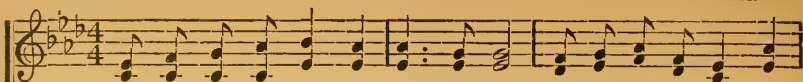


Full - er ev - 'ry day, Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
 All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

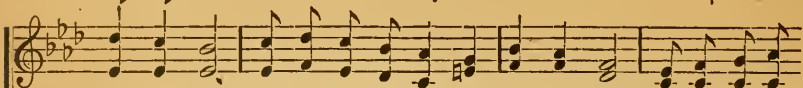
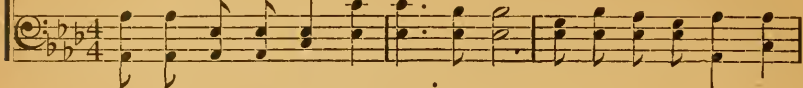
Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

H. G. S.

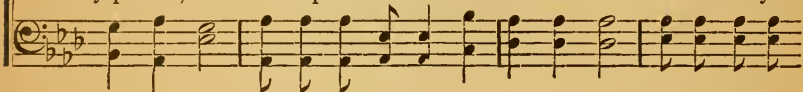
H. G. SMYTH.



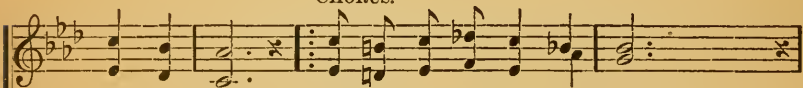
1. Would you know the fullness of God's love? Would you taste the glory
2. Would you go re-joic-ing all the way; Have the peace of God from
3. Would you have the way seem clear and bright, While you wade thro' scenes of
4. Would you have a faith that will not fail; Learn the secret how you



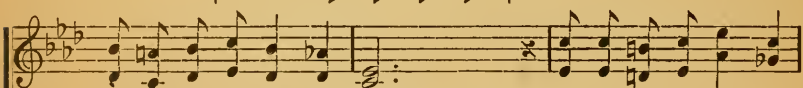
from above? Would you have the pow'r the world to move? Let him cleanse your day to day; Know he hears and answers when you pray? Let him cleanse your dark - est night? Learn to walk by faith and not by sight; Let him cleanse your may prevail; Prove God's pow'r when sin doth thee assail? Let him cleanse your



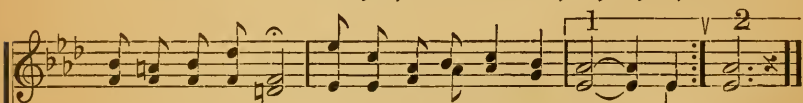
CHORUS.



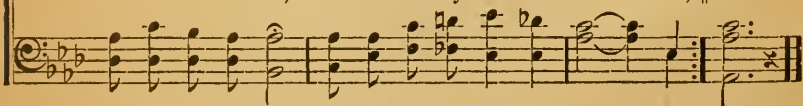
heart from sin. ||: Let him cleanse your heart from sin,
cleanse your heart from sin,

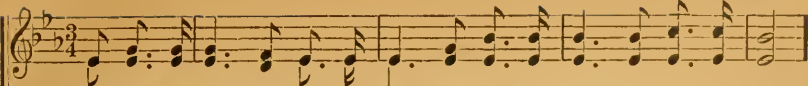


Let him cleanse your heart from sin; O - pen wide the door and
cleanse your heart from sin;

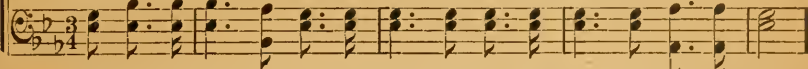


let the Saviour in, He will cleanse your heart from sin. Yes, :|| sin.

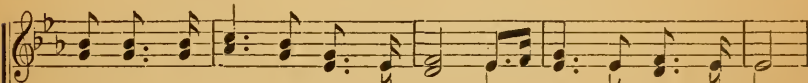
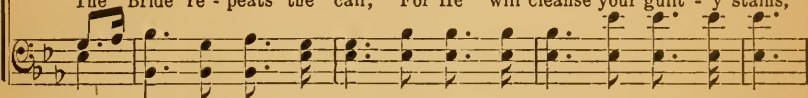




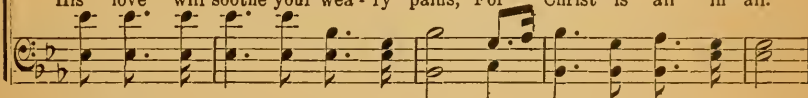
1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age shake,
4. Then come to Christ, oh, come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say;



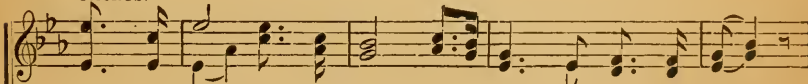
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked His smile, 'twas sweet as May,
Nor death His soul ap - pall, I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains,



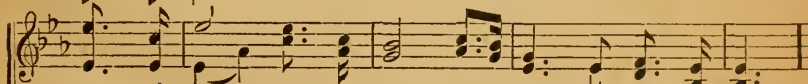
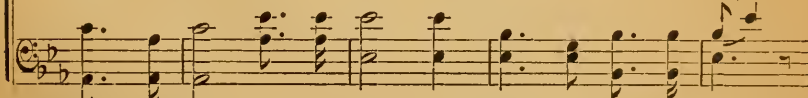
Her help - less wid - ow-hood's de - fense, She told me "Christ was all."
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."
He looked tri - umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
His love will soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."



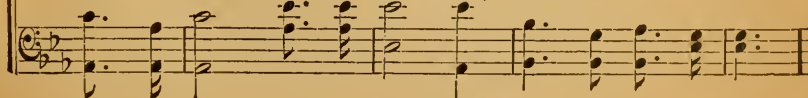
CHORUS.



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all;



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

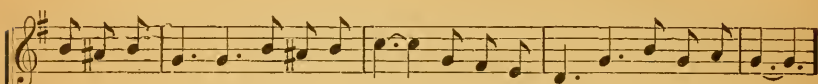
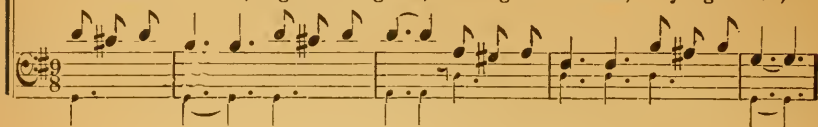


J. W. V.

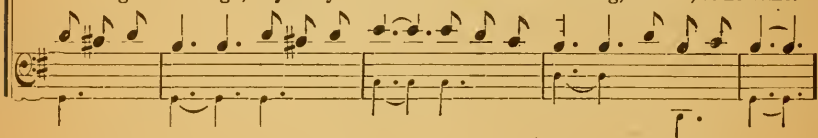
J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



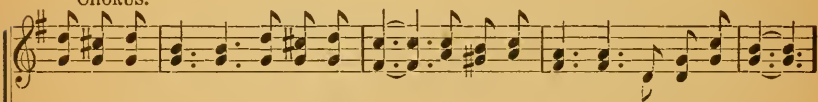
1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing, look - ing for me;
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers, com - ing sometime;
4. Sweet little dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some - one, beck - on - ing come;
5. Je - sus the Sav - ior, bright morning star, Look - ing for lost ones, stray - ing a - far;



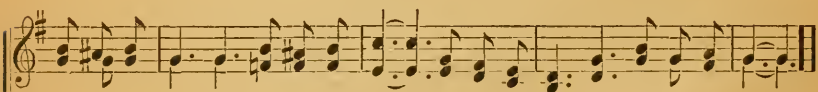
Free from their sor - row, grief and de - spair, Wait - ing and watch - ing, pa - tient - ly there.
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watch - ing for dear ones wait - ing be - low.
 Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sinner, come home."



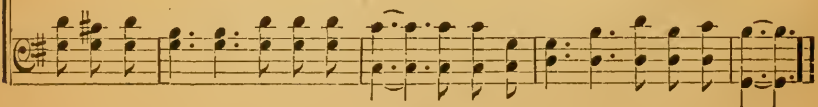
CHORUS.



Look - ing this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.



Sunshine and Rain.

39

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain. Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
bur-den of our ^{refreshing} rain, Would we know the sweetness of His
days are dark and ^{dear} Can we hope for pleasures yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour - ish the grow - ing grain, Send us, Lord the

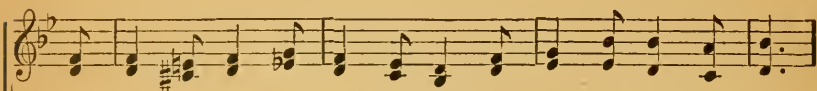
love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

EL. NATHAN.

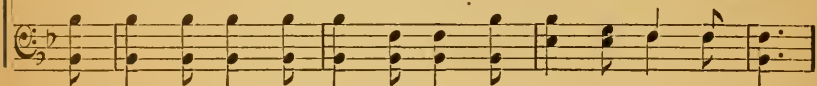
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di - vine A *par - don* free be - stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
4. The *pow'r* to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too, im - parts;
5. These bless - ings we by faith re - ceive, By sim - ple child - like trust;



Re - vealed to faith with - in His Word, And note the bound - less store.
 And with the *par - don peace* is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
 The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in, From sin doth *pu - ri - fy*.
 And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de - light to *give*; He prom - ised, and He must.



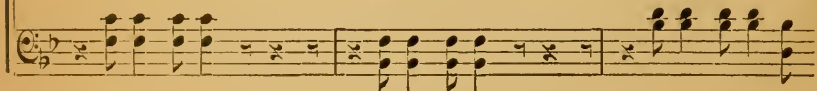
CHORUS.



There is *par - - - - don, peace, and pow'r,* And *pu - ri -*
Par-don, peace, and pow'r, *per-don, peace and pow'r,*

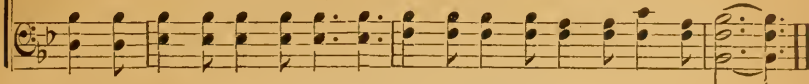


ty and *Par - a - dise;* With all of these in
And pu - ri - ty, *and Par - a - dise;* *With all of these in*





Christ for me, in Christ for me, Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise!



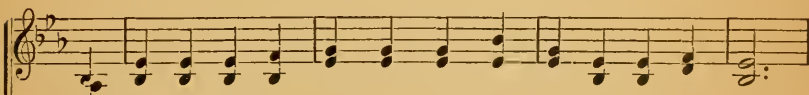
O Could I Find.

B. CLEVELAND.

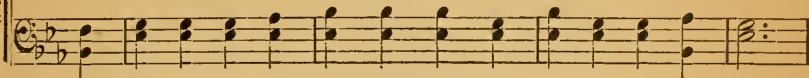
J. J. LOWE.



1. O could I find from day to day, A near - ness to my God;
2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day;
3. Blest Je - sus, come, and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly Thine,



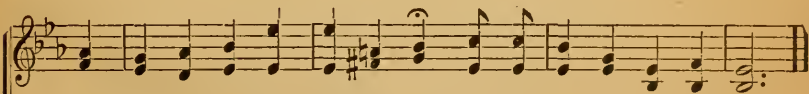
Then would my hours glide swift a - way, While lean - ing on His word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er more, de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.



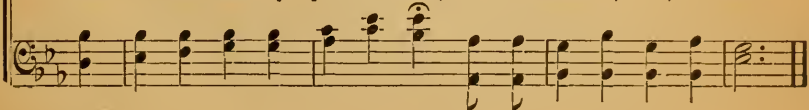
CHORUS.



Draw near - er, draw near - er, Draw me near - er, Lord to Thee;
Draw near - er, Lord, draw near - er, Lord,



Come let me feel Thy pres - ence near, Draw me near - er, Lord, to Thee.



REV. WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED H. BYSHL.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
 2. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought,
 3. If clear-er vi - sion Thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
 4. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi - sion yet be mine,

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
 But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
 But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
 For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di-vine, The things divine.

Rit.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, without, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
 Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

No mat-ter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
 A-ny-how, if on - ly sin, die out in me,
 Die in me,

rit.

All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET.

(Coronation.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

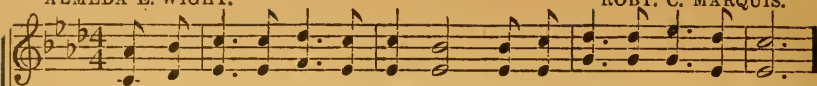
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trete fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

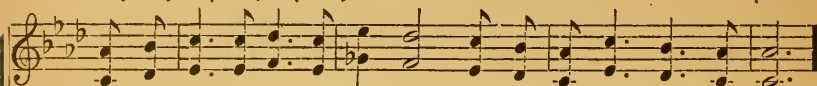
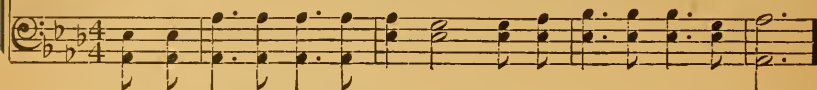
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT.

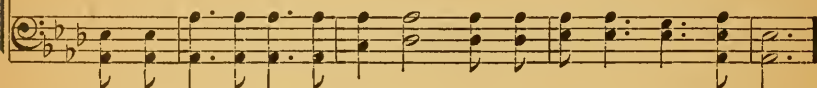
ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



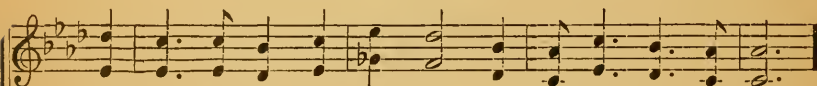
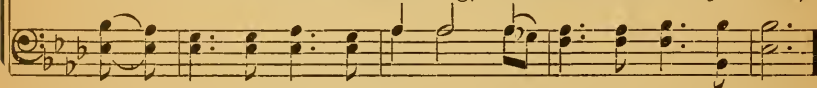
1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Father from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warmed the cold world's heart
3. Say you not that un - a - vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak;



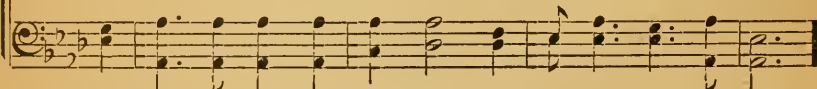
Looked down on His err - ing chil - dren With the pitying eyes of love;
 Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de - part;
 Trust the Ho - ly Spir - it's unc - tion, It shall strengthen what is weak.



How He sent His Well - Be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
 There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange - ly cold;
 Go forth to do His bid - ding; The truth shall make you bold;



That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris - tian, must be told.
 To these, O fal - t'ring Chris - tian, The sto - ry must be told.
 Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.



CHORUS.



It must be told, It must be told, The
 It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The



sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweet-ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told;

sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
won-drous sto-ry, be oft-en sweet-ly told.

Old Time Religion.

ARR. BY CHARLIE TILLMAN.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fa-thers,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, It's good e-nough for me.
Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, It's good e-nough for me.
It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It's good e-nough for me.

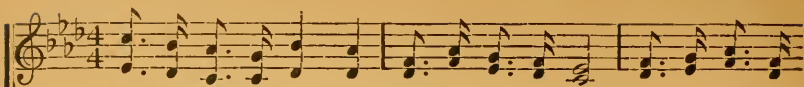
- 4 ||: It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:||
It's good enough for me.
- 5 ||: It was good for the Hebrew children,:||
It's good enough for me.
- 6 ||: It was tried in the fiery furnace,:||
It's good enough for me.

- 7 ||: It was good for Paul and Silas,:||
It's good enough for me.
- 8 ||: It will do when I am dying,:||
It's good enough for me.
- 9 ||: It will take us all to heaven,:||
It's good enough for me.

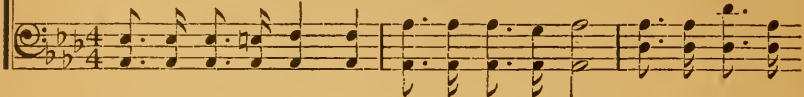
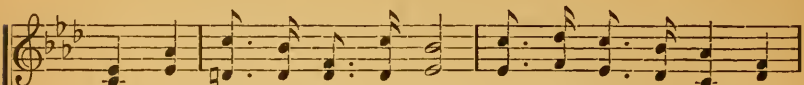
Do Your Best For Jesus.

KATE V. HALL. Arr. H. G. S.

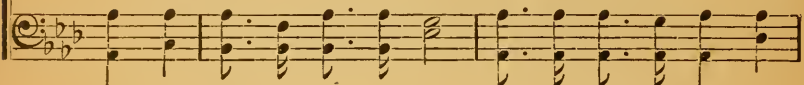
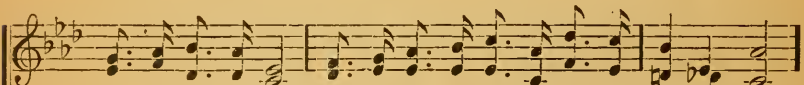
H. G. SMYTH.



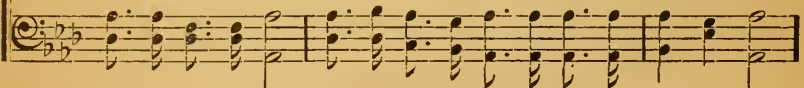
1. Do your best for Je - sus, do it hour by hour; Never shrink nor
 2. 'Tis not ma - ny might - y that the Saviour calls; He can use the
 3. Someone may be wait - ing, if you on - ly knew, Yes, he may be
 4. If you're on - ly will - ing, trust him and o - bey, He will bless your

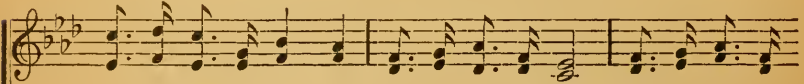
fal - ter, trust - ing in his pow'r. Do your best for Je - sus,
 fee - ble and the ver - y small. He has chos - en weak ones,
 long - ing for some word from you; Then be up and do - ing,
 ef - forts while on earth you stay; When the books are o - pened



filled with love divine; As you toil or suffer, let him thro' you shine.
 gi - ants to subdue; 'Tis not strength he needeth, fearful one, 'tis you.
 lest some wayward soul Stumble o'er your silence, fail to reach the goal.
 and rewards are giv'n, You shall share the laurels, wear a crown in heav'n.



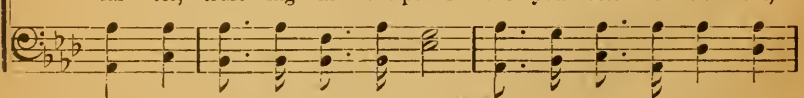
CHORUS.

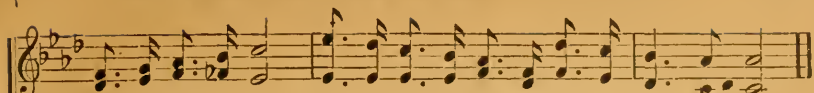


Do your best for Je - sus, do it hour by hour; Never shrink nor

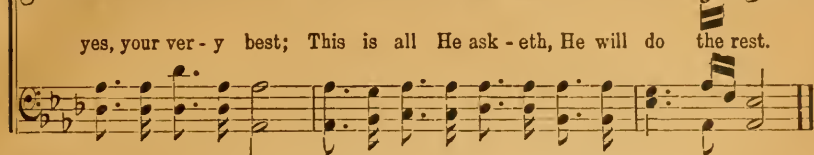



fal - ter, trust - ing in his pow'r. Do your best for Je - sus,






yes, your ver - y best; This is all He ask - eth, He will do the rest.



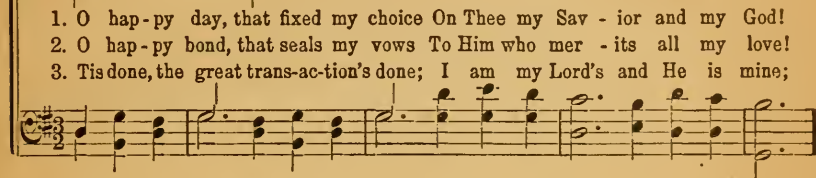
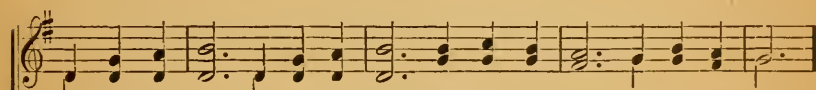
O Happy Day.

DODRIDGE.

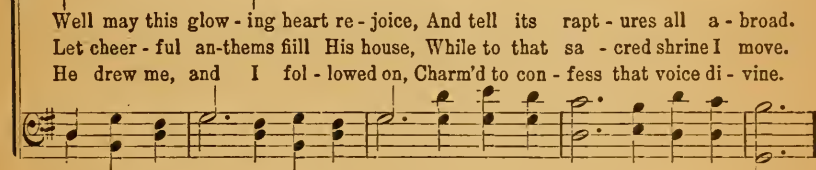

: RIMBAULT.



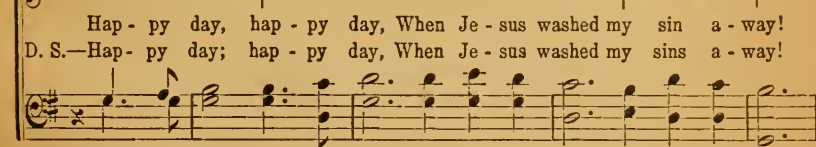
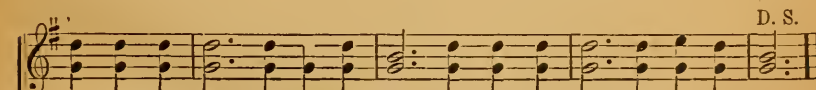
1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee my Sav - ior and my God!
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;

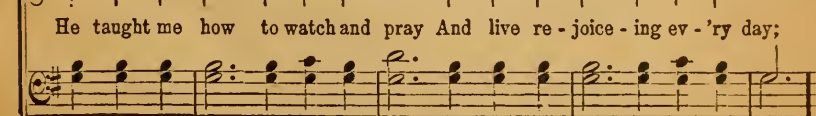
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.
 Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charm'd to con - fess that voice di - vine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sin a - way!
 D. S.—Hap - py day; hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joice - ing ev - 'ry day;



REV. GEO. W. CROFTS.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

UNISON.

1. Marching on-ward, on-ward to the light, Pil-grims of a bet-ter day,
 2. Marching on-ward, on-ward to the light, Where the saints in glo-ry reign
 3. Marching on-ward, on-ward to the light, Come and join our pilgrim band;

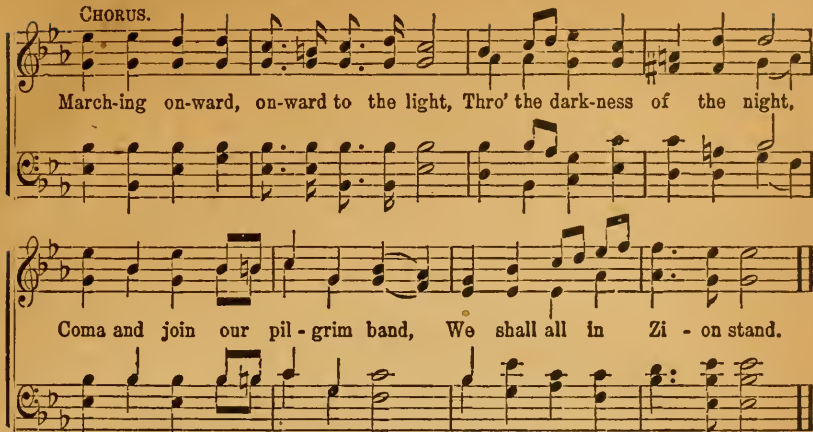
Thro' the dark-ness of the night, Je-sus lead-ing all the way.
 Who have conquered in the might Of the Lord who once was slain;
 O how glo-rious then the sight When we all in Zi-on stand!

March-ing on with flag un-furled, Ev - er sing - ing as we go
 Of the Lord who from the grave Rose in tri - umph to the sky,
 When un - to our bless-ed King We with joy shall ren-der praise;

To the bright, ce - les - tial world, Far a - bove all tears and woe.
 Read-y now the world to save, That no soul may ev - er die.
 When of love di - vine we sing, And our shouts of tri-umph raise.

Marching Onward to the Light. Concluded. 49

CHORUS.



March-ing on-ward, on-ward to the light, Thro' the dark-ness of the night,

Coma and join our pil-grim band, We shall all in Zi-on stand.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



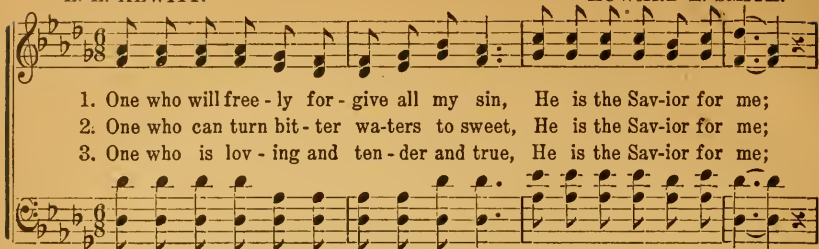
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-nous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

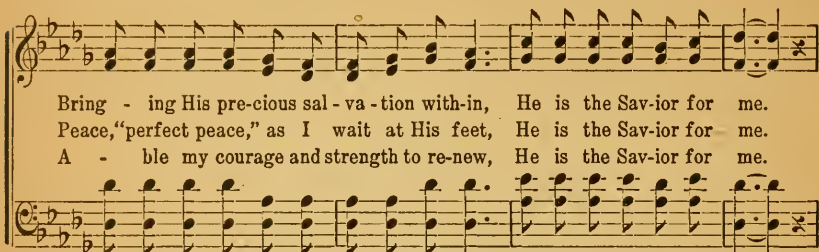
Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not I will pi - lot thee."

E. E. HEWITT.

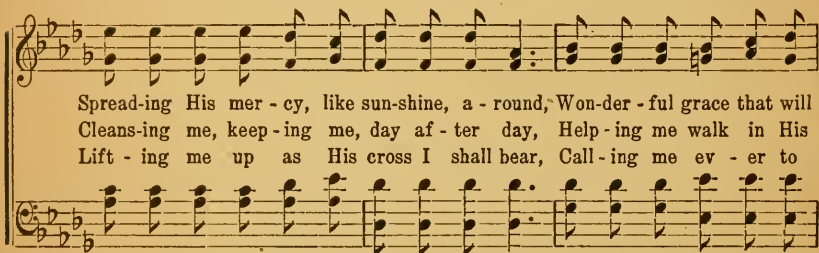
HOWARD E. SMITH.



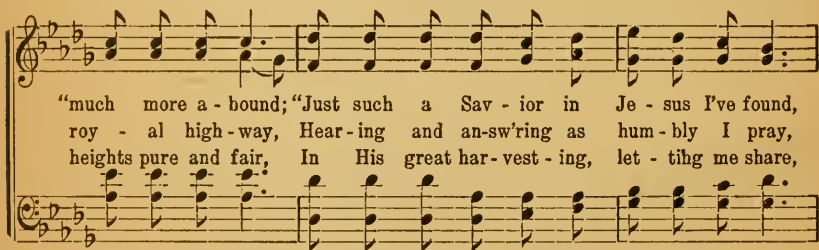
1. One who will free - ly for - give all my sin, He is the Sav-ior for me;
 2. One who can turn bit - ter wa - ters to sweet, He is the Sav-ior for me;
 3. One who is lov - ing and ten - der and true, He is the Sav-ior for me;



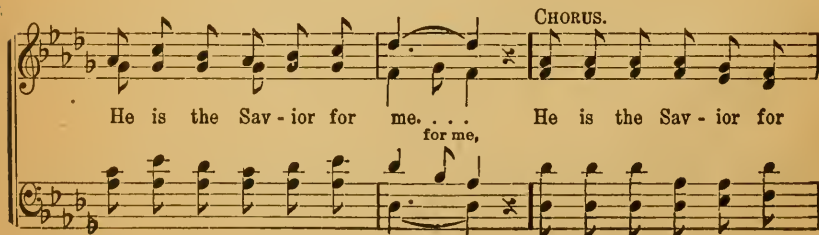
Bring - ing His pre-cious sal - va - tion with-in, He is the Sav-ior for me.
 Peace, "perfect peace," as I wait at His feet, He is the Sav-ior for me.
 A - ble my courage and strength to re-new, He is the Sav-ior for me.



Spread-ing His mer - cy, like sun-shine, a - round, Won - der - ful grace that will
 Cleans-ing me, keep-ing me, day af - ter day, Help-ing me walk in His
 Lift - ing me up as His cross I shall bear, Call-ing me ev - er to



"much more a - bound; "Just such a Sav - ior in Je - sus I've found,
 roy - al high-way, Hear-ing and an-sw'ring as hum - bly I pray,
 heights pure and fair, In His great har - vest - ing, let - tihg me share,



CHORUS.
 He is the Sav - ior for me. . . . He is the Sav - ior for
 for me,

me;..... Glo - ry to Him ev - er be; Just such a
for me;

Sav - ior in Je - sus I've found, He is the Sav - ior for me.....
for me.

Pass Me Not.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

Fine.
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S. - While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

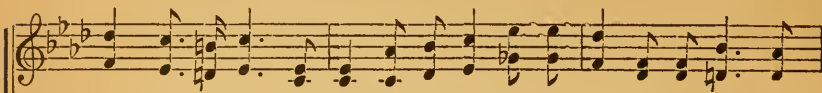
CHORUS.

D. S.

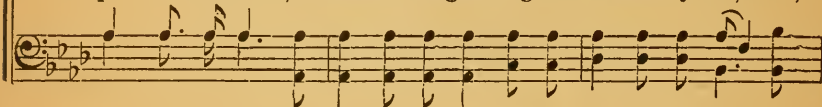
Sav - ior, Sav - ior, hear my hum - ble cry,



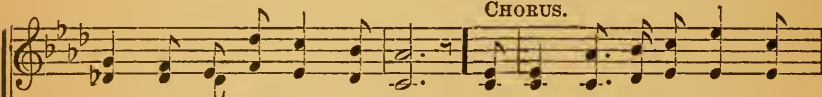
1. I shall be hap - py when heaven I gain, All free from earth's troubles, its
2. Oft - en life's burdens are heavy to bear; In heav - en, I know there will
3. Glad - ly I'll greet the dear friends I have known, They who long a - go were called



toils and its pain; To see the dear Lamb who for sinners was slain, Oh,
be no more care; And Christ, my Redeem - er, is wait - ing me there! Oh,
up to the throne; But sweeter the greet - ing from God's on - ly Son, Oh,



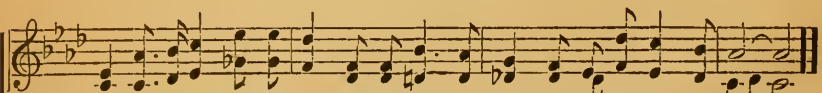
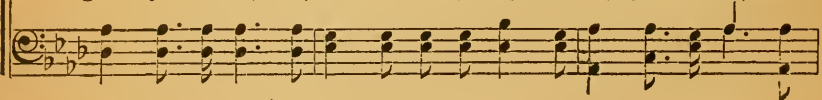
CHORUS.



that will be glo - ry for me. Oh, that will be glo - ry, be



glo - ry for me, Oh, that will be glo - ry for me, yes, for me; To



see the dear Lamb who for sinners was slain, Oh, that will be glo - ry for me.
for me.



Breathe on us, O Holy Spirit.

53

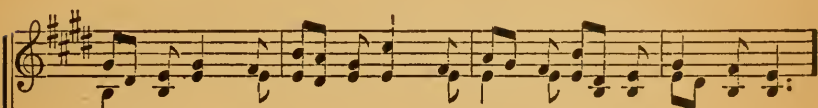
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. R. A. WALTON, D. D.

REV. R. H. WASHBURN.

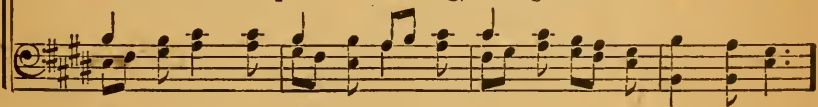
LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



1. Breathe on us, O Ho-ly Spir-it, As we meet with one ac-cord,
2. Breathe on us, O Ho-ly Spir-it, As Thy al-tar we sur-round;
3. Breathe on us, O Ho-ly Spir-it, We be-lieve Thy prom-ise true,
4. Breathe on us, O Ho-ly Spir-it, E-ven as at Pen-te-cost;



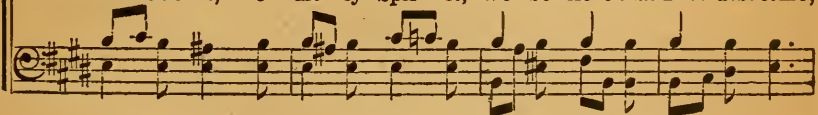
Grant to us Thy gra-cious fa-vor, Come, ac-cord-ing to Thy word.
 Fill us with Thy pow'r and blessing, Place our feet on sol-id ground.
 We are long-ing for Thy full-ness, Quickly come, our souls re-new.
 We will wait the prom-ised bless-ing, Then go forth to save the lost.



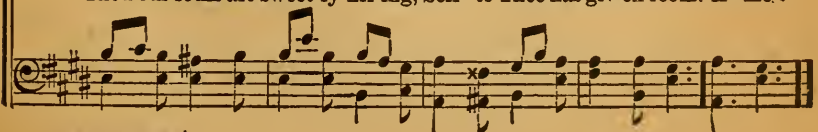
CHORUS.



Breathe on us, O Ho-ly Spir-it, We be-lieve that Thou dost come;



Thou our souls art sweet-ly fill-ing, Self to Thee has giv-en room. A-men



*Last stanza only.

The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.
SOLO.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

ORGAN.

1. A sin - ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempt - er was
2. He stop - ped and list - en'd to ev - 'ry sweet chord, He re - mem - bered the

watch - ing close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for
time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt - er, come

right a - gainst wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

By permission of Will. Thompson & Co.

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. While the bil - lows near me roll, While the temp - est still is high

SOLO.

ORGAN.

O tempt - er, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav-ior He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

QUARTET.

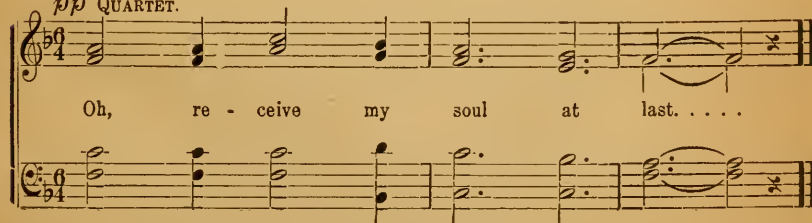
Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

I come, Lord I come, Thou't for-give the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.

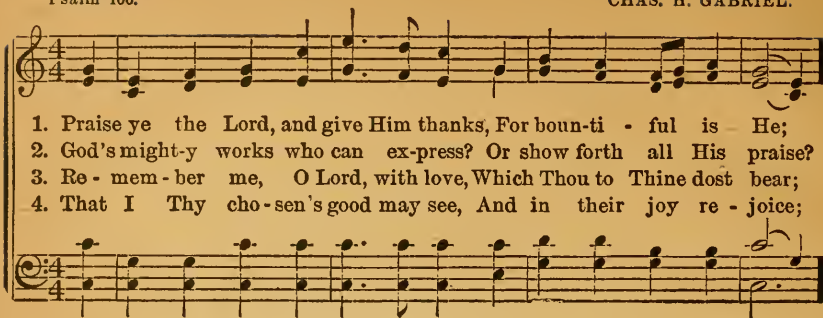


Oh, re-ceive my soul at last. . . .

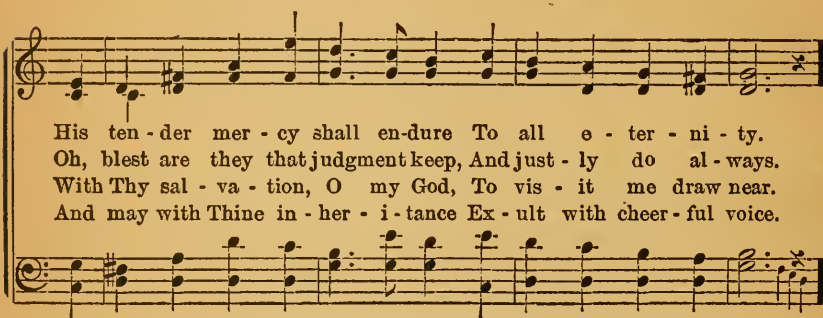
Praise Ye the Lord.

Psalm 106.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

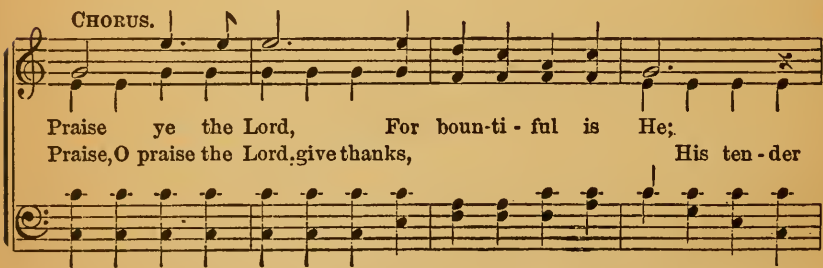


1. Praise ye the Lord, and give Him thanks, For boun-ti - ful is He;
 2. God's might-y works who can ex-press? Or show forth all His praise?
 3. Re - mem - ber me, O Lord, with love, Which Thou to Thine dost bear;
 4. That I Thy cho-sen's good may see, And in their joy re - joice;

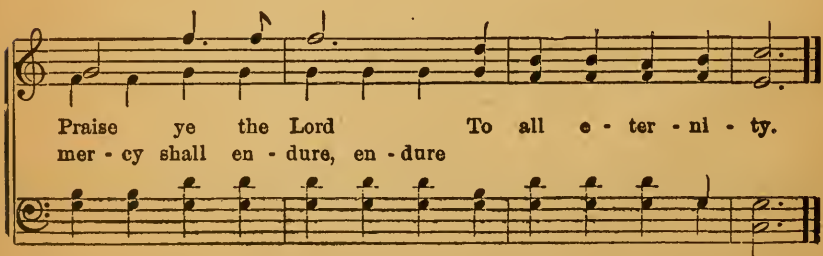


His ten - der mer - cy shall en - dure To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Oh, blest are they that judgment keep, And just - ly do al - ways.
 With Thy sal - va - tion, O my God, To vis - it me draw near.
 And may with Thine in - her - i - tance Ex - ult with cheer - ful voice.

CHORUS.



Praise ye the Lord, For boun-ti - ful is He;
 Praise, O praise the Lord, give thanks, His ten - der



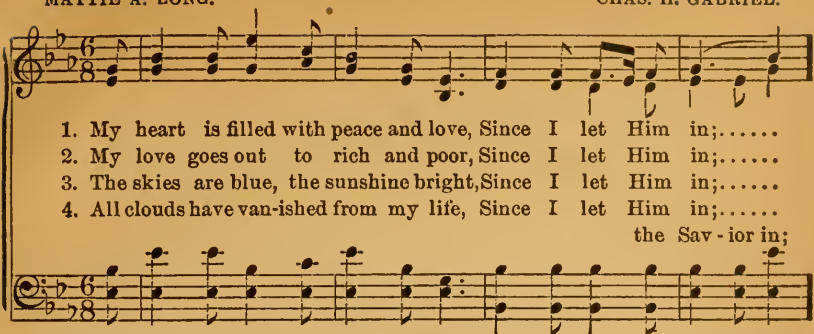
Praise ye the Lord To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 mer - cy shall en - dure, en - dure

Since I Let the Savior In.

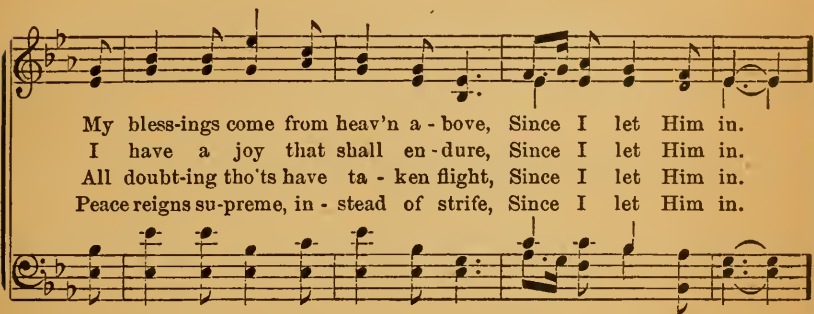
57

MATTIE A. LONG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. My heart is filled with peace and love, Since I let Him in;.....
 2. My love goes out to rich and poor, Since I let Him in;.....
 3. The skies are blue, the sunshine bright, Since I let Him in;.....
 4. All clouds have van-ished from my life, Since I let Him in;.....
 the Sav-ior in;

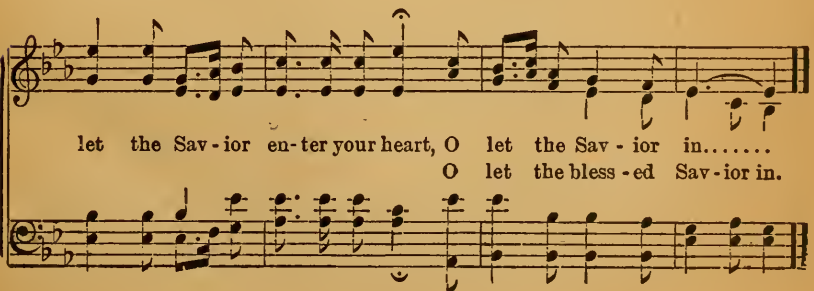


My bless-ings come from heav'n a - bove, Since I let Him in.
 I have a joy that shall en-dure, Since I let Him in.
 All doubt-ing tho'ts have ta - ken flight, Since I let Him in.
 Peace reigns su-preme, in - stead of strife, Since I let Him in.

CHORUS.



O let the Sav-ior en-ter your heart, Let the Sav-ior in;..... O
 Let the blessed Sav-ior in;



let the Sav-ior en-ter your heart, O let the Sav-ior in.....
 O let the bless-ed Sav-ior in.

Why Not Say Yes To-night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS.

LOUIS D. EICHORN.

Duet, or all Sopranos and Altos.

1. Oh, why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der-ly pleading with
 2. For with you the Spirit will not always plead, Oh, do not re-ject Him to-
 3. Take Christ as your Savior, then all shall be well, The morrow let bring what it

thee To come to Him now with thy sin-burdened heart For
 night; To - mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death, Un -
 may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide, And

CHORUS.
 par-don so full and so free. (so free.) Why not say Yes to -
 bro-ken by heav-en - ly light. (heav'nly light.)
 safe-ly keep you in His way. (His way.) Why not say Yes to the

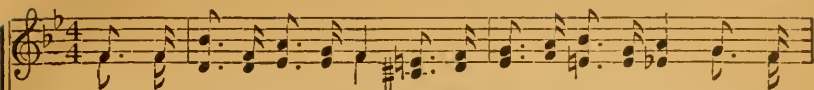
night,.... Why not, why not? While He so gen-tly, so
 Savior to-night? Say Yes, say Yes,
 Why not say Yes? why not to-night?

ten - der - ly pleads, Oh, ac - cept Him to - night.....
 ac - cept Him to-night.

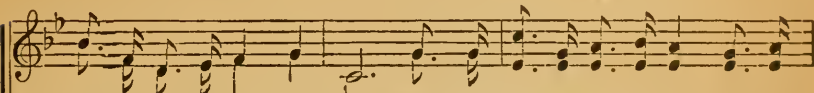
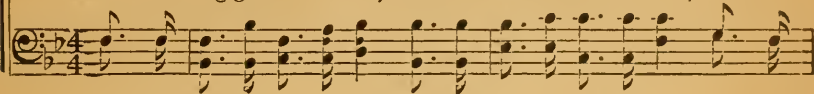
Marching with the Christ, Our King. 59

MATTIE A. LONG.

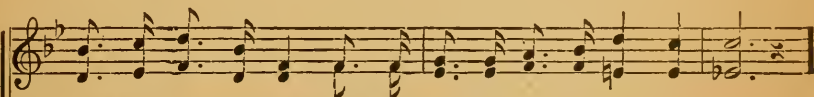
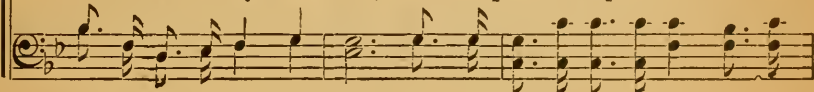
LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



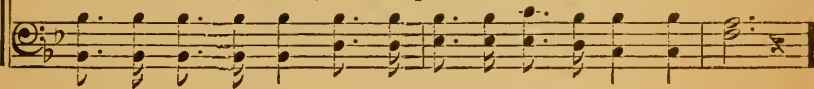
1. With our banners waving high in the light of Gos-pel truth, We are
2. With our Cap-tain at the front, we will ban-ish ev-ry foe; Christ, the
3. When the strug-gle all is o'er, and the bat-tle we have won, Then our



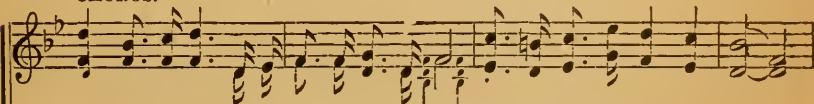
stationed on the field of right; We are work-ing for the Lord, and His
Sav-ior, is our shield of love; He is leading 'gainst the strife, and we'll
ar-mor we will lay a-side; We will put our weapons down and we'll



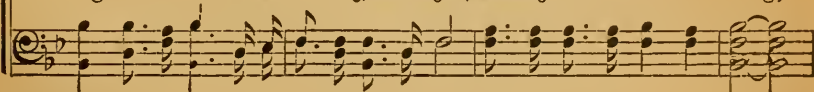
ev-er pre-cious word, We are marching in the path of light.
gain e-ter-nal life; We are marching to the home a-bove.
wear a heav'n-ly crown; With the peace-ful we will then a-bide.



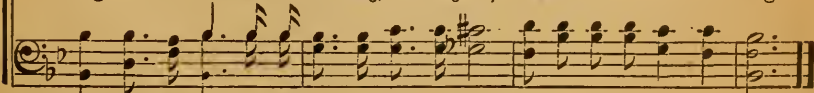
CHORUS.



Sing of His love! We are marching, marching on, Marching with the Christ our King;



Sing of His love! We are marching, marching on; Praises let our voi-ces ring.



For variety of effect, let all voices sing the melody of the stanzas in unison.

My Mother's Hands.

MRS. M. E. W.

Slow and with great expression.

MRS. M. E. WILSON, by per.

Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

1. { Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
 2. { Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days!
 3. { Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
 { Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
 3. { Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
 { Oh, those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,

Yet my moth-er's hands were the fair - est And lov - li - est hands of all; }
 They guid-ed my feet in - to pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rug - ged ways. }
 They cooled the fe - ver and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now; }
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her loved seemed more tender and true. }
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay; }
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin-ing shore. }

CHORUS.

My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guarded me safe o'er life's sands;

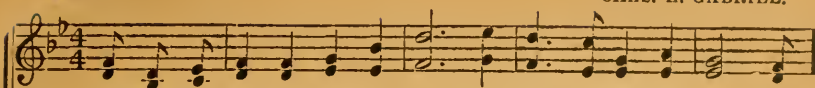
I bless God's name for the mem - 'ry Of moth-er's own beau-ti - ful hands.

Since I Have Learned the Story.

61

MATTIE A. LONG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



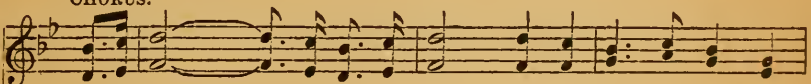
1. There is a song I love to sing Since I have learned the sto - ry
2. I have a love, of all the best, Since I have learned the sto - ry,
3. I have a com-fort in dis-tress, Since I have learned the sto - ry;
4. I have a Friend in ev-'ry need, Since I have learned the sto - ry;



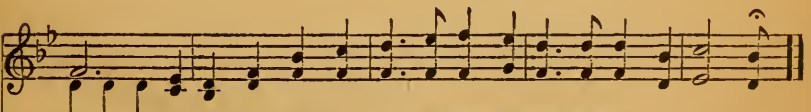
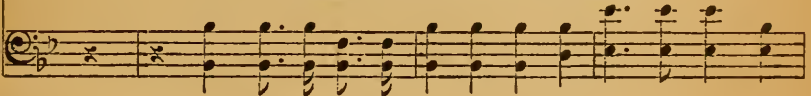
Of Christ, the ev - er - liv - ing King, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry.
The love of Him, 'twill stand the test, I love to sing His glo - ry.
My woes to Je - sus I con - fess, He points the way to glo - ry.
He is a Friend of all, in - deed, He leads the way to glo - ry.



CHORUS.



Since I.....have learned the sto - ry, This song I love to
Since I have learned the sto-ry sweet, This song I love, I

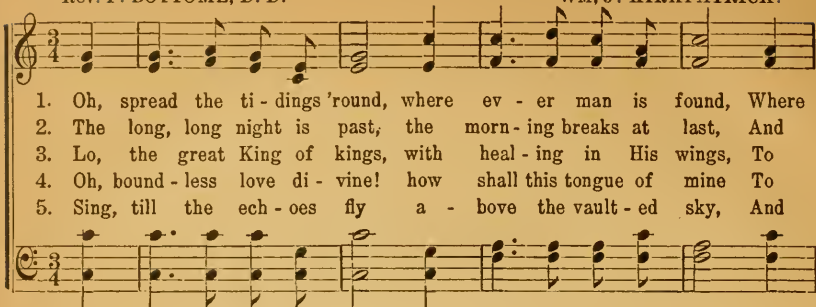


sing, Oh, Je - sus has the world redeemed From darkness un - to glo - ry.
love to sing,

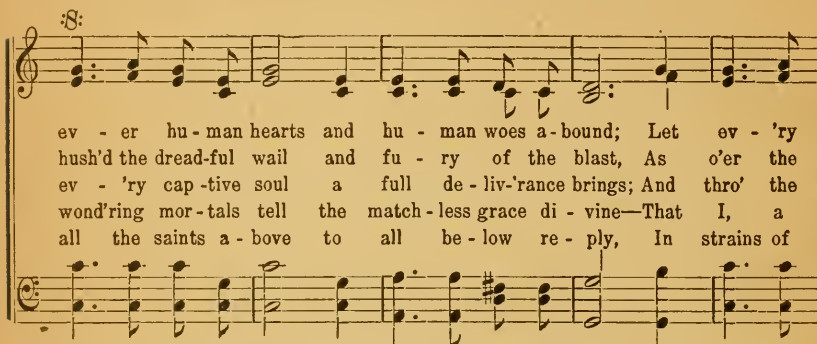


Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



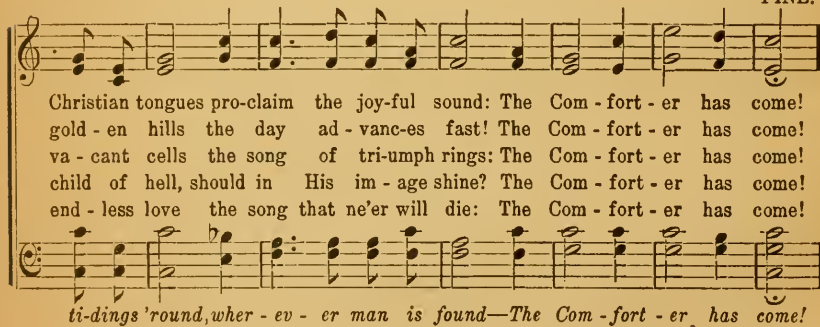
1. Oh, spread the ti-dings 'round, where ev - er man is found, Where
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
 4. Oh, bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry
 hush'd the dread-ful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a
 all the saints a - bove to all be-low re- ply, In strains of

D. S.—Ho - ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa - ther's prom-ise giv'n; Oh, spread the

FINE.

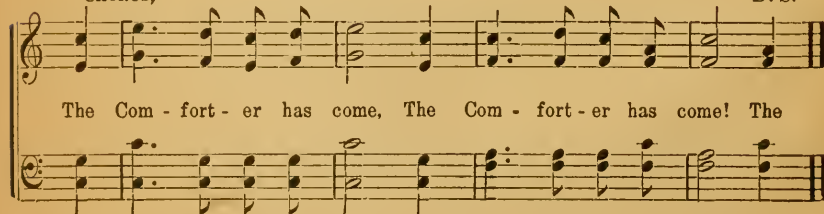


Christian tongues pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 gold - en hills the day ad - vanc-es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 va - cant cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 child of hell, should in His im - age shine? The Com - fort - er has come!
 end - less love the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er, has come!

CHORUS,

D. S.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

Will There Be Any Stars?

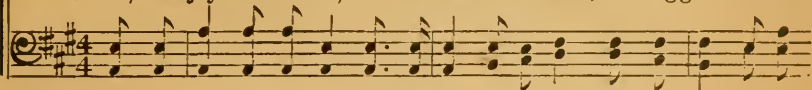
63

E. E. HEWITT.

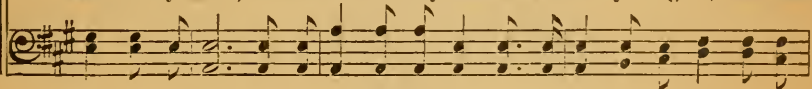
JNO. R. SWENEY.



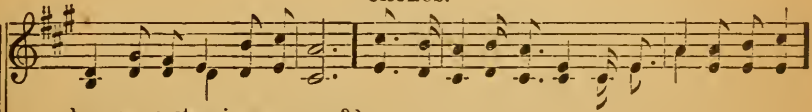
1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy will it be, when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



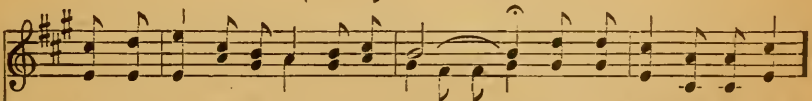
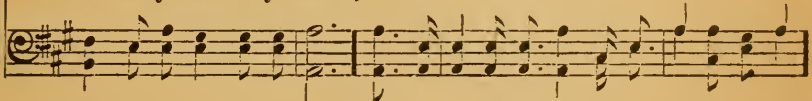
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there



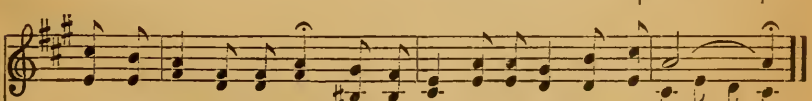
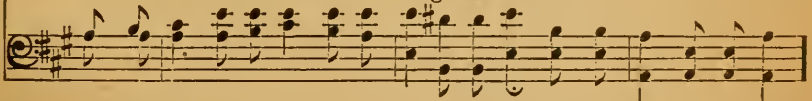
CHORUS.



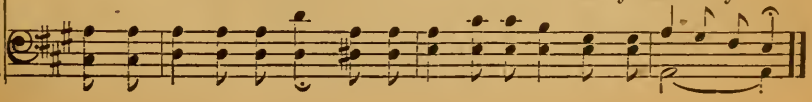
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like these sea-billow rolls. } Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
be an-y stars in my crown? }



When at eve-ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?

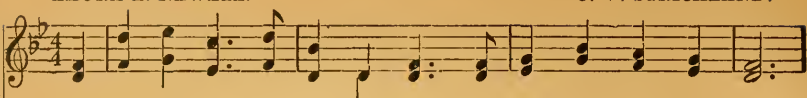


In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

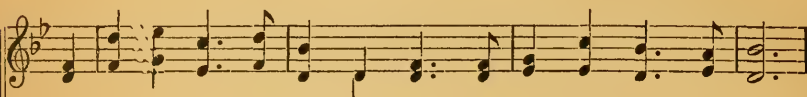


LAURA E. NEWELL.

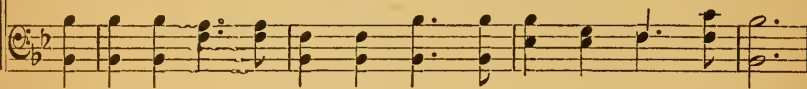
C. V. STRICKLAND.



1. Be - cause our Fa - ther loved us so, His on - ly Son He gave;
 2. Our Fa - ther knew how dim life's road, He knew we'd lose the way,
 3. To - day He calls, His voice is borne A - cross life's troub - led sea,
 4. "Come, wea - ry la - den, and op - pressed" My love doth you en - fold,"
 5. I will a - rise and go to Him! His peace and rest to know!



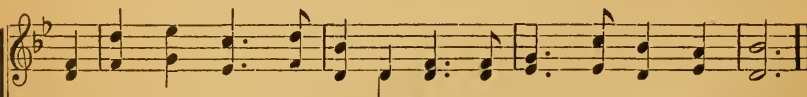
To die in an - guish on the cross— And slum - ber in the grave.
 And sent our Sav - ior to re - store His chil - dren gone a - stray.
 I hear in ten - der ac - cents sweet "My child, come un - to me!"
 "Come un - to Me, I'll give you rest, And peace, and joy un - told."
 A con - trite heart He will not spurn, Be - cause He loved us so.



CHORUS.



Be - cause He loved us so, Christ bore that weight of woe;



He bled and died, but rose a - gain, Be - cause He loved us so.

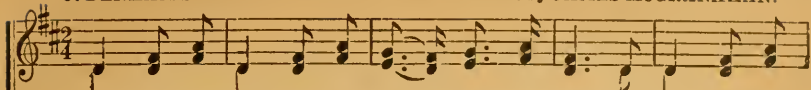


Rise Up, and Hasten.


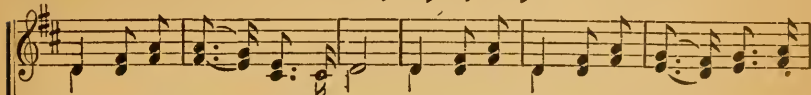
65

J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr.


Arr. by JAMES McGRANAHAN.



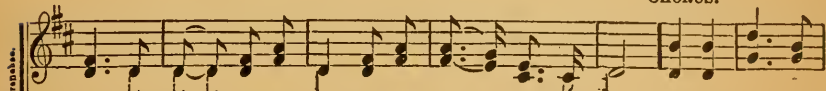
1. Rise up, and hast - en! my soul, haste a - long! And speed on thy
 2. Why should we lin - ger when heav-en lies be - fore? While earth's fast re -
 3. Loved ones in Je - sus they've passed on be - fore, Now rest - ing in
 4. No con - dem - na - tion! how bless-ed is the word, And no sep - a -


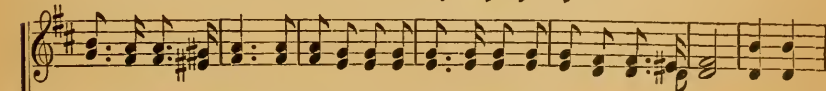
jour - ney with hope and with song; Home, home is near - ing, 'tis com - ing in -
 ced - ing, and soon will be no more; Pleas - ures and treasures which once here we
 glo - ry, they wea - ry no more; Toils all are end - ed, and nothing now but
 ra - tion! for ev - er with the Lord; He will be with us who loved us long be -




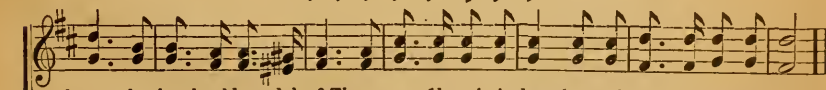
CHORUS.




view, A lit - tle more of toil - ing and then to earth a - dieu.
 knew, No more can they charm us with such a goal in view. Come then, come, and
 joy, And prais - es, as - cend - ing their ev - er glad em - ploy.
 fore, And Je - sus, our Je - sus, is ours for - ev - er more.

raise the joy - ful song! Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot be long; Home, home,

home, oh, why should we delay? The morn of heav'n is dawning, we're near the break of day.



Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still

feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my
 oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

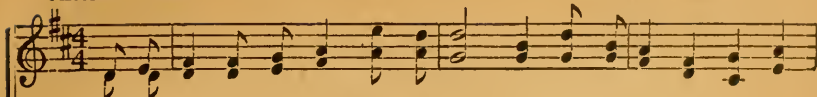
deems when oppressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com-fort er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.)
 king-dom of love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

Jesus Needs the Children.

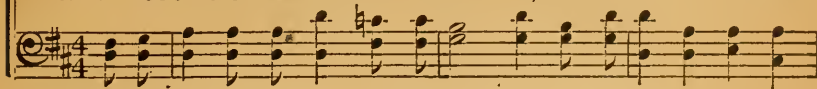
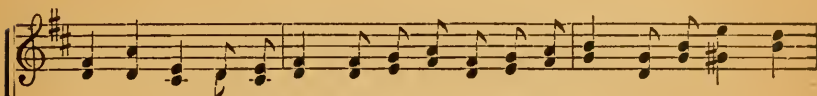
67

JAMES ROWE.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. E - ven children may work for the Sav - ior, There is work for ev - 'ry
2. E - ven children can work for the Sav - ior, And re - ceive rich blessings
3. E - ven children can work for the Sav - ior, And re - ceive for la - bor

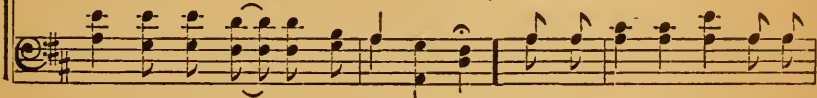

one to do; We may help one an - oth - er—Cheer a sis - ter or broth - er, —
 ev - 'ry day; There are bur - dens to light - en, There are sad hours to bright - en,
 more than gold; We can tell the sweet sto - ry, Of His love and His glo - ry,



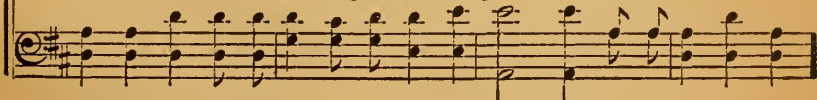
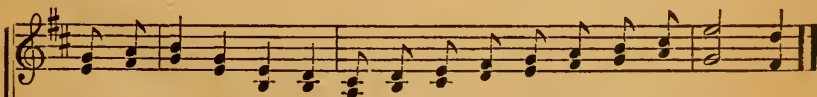
CHORUS.



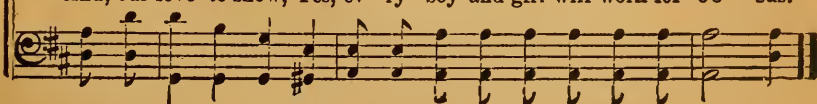
Yes, Je - sus needs e - ven chil - dren too. }
 Yes, Je - sus needs us all a - long the way. } We can work, watch, pray, Labor
 And gath - er oth - ers in - to the fold. }

ev - 'ry day, Nev - er let - ting a task dis - please us; For He saves, we know,

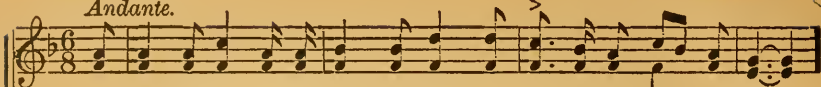



And, our love to show, Yes, ev - 'ry boy and girl will work for Je - sus.




MARY BROWN.

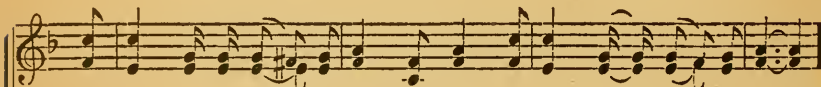
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the moun-tain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
 3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place In earth's harvest field so wide—



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day, For Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied—

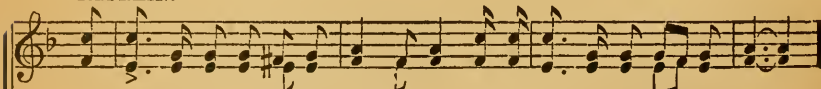


But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lovest me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

Respectfully Dedicated to Winona Bible Conference.

E. S. B.

EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my soul with Thy rich grace;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - way;

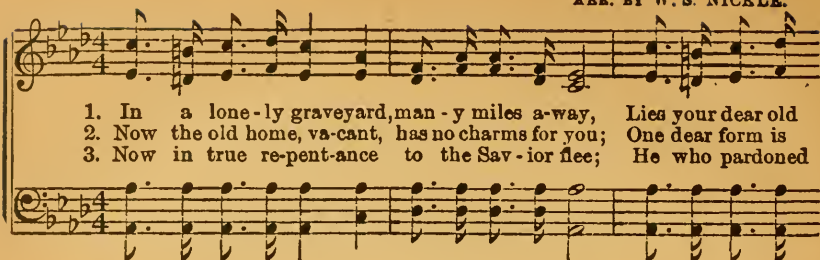
As I jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day.
 Let me all the beau - ty see In my Sav - ior's face.
 When with rapt - ure I shall wake In e - ter - nal day.

Show me what I ought to do, Help me shun the wrong;
 Till at last His life shall be Mir - rored in mine own;
 I shall dwell with Christ my Lord In our heav'n - ly home,

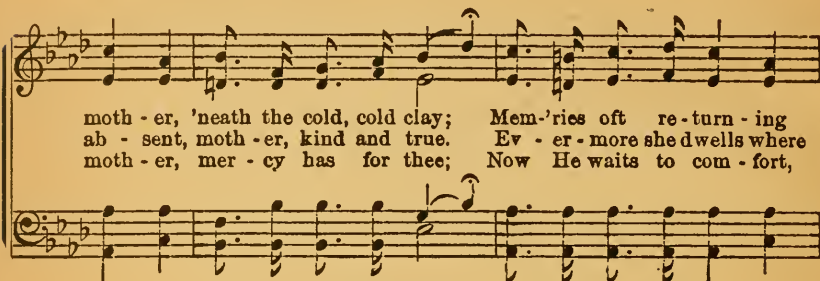
In this va - ried chain of life, Make the weak link strong.
 And the like - ness God can see, To His own dear Son.
 And He will pre - sent me then, Fault - less, at the throne.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

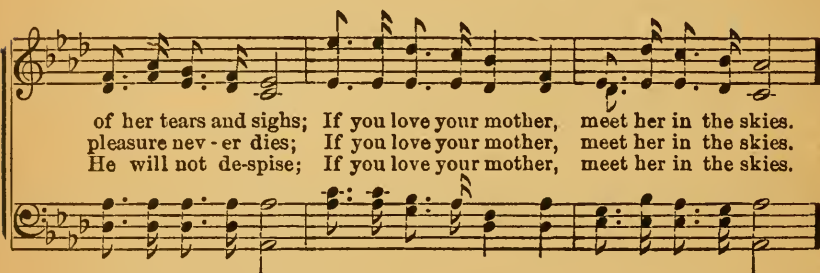
ARR. BY W. S. NICKLE.



1. In a lone-ly graveyard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your dear old
 2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
 3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee; He who pardoned

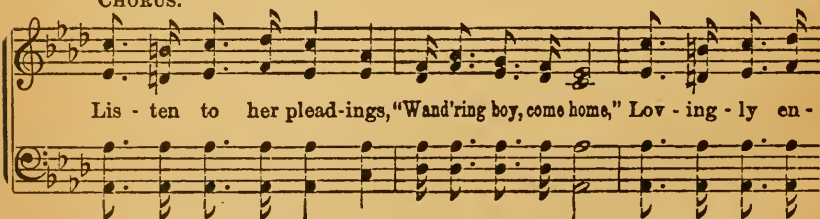


moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
 ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true. Ev-er-more she dwells where
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,



of her tears and sighs; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
 pleasure nev-er dies; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de-spise; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.



Lis-ten to her plead-ings, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-



treat-ing, do not long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

heav'n-ward lift your eyes; If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

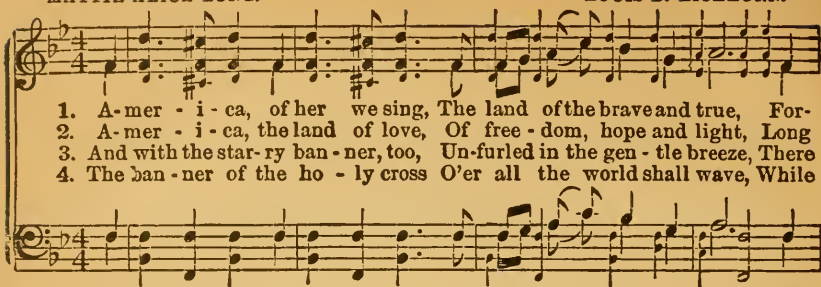
on! The night is dark, and I am far from home;
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces

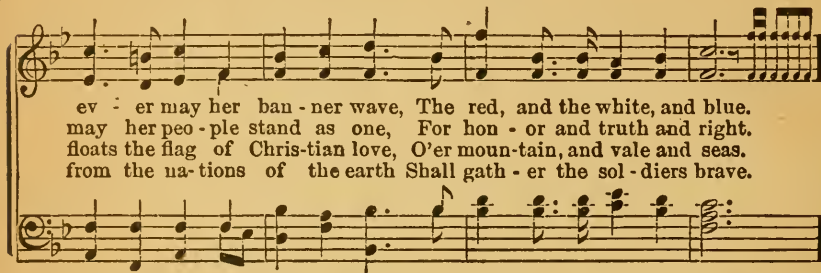
see . . . The dis - tant scena; one step e - nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will, re - mem-ber not past years.
smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

MATTIE ALICE LONG.

LOUIS D. RICHHORN.

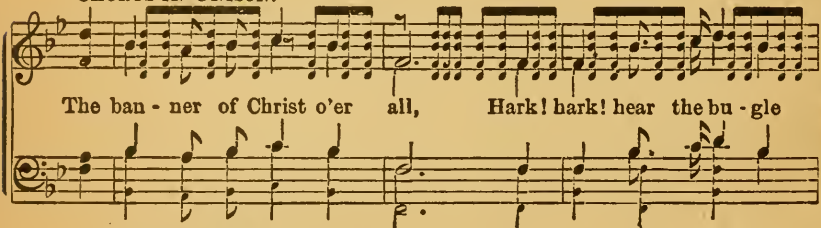


1. A-mer - i - ca, of her we sing, The land of the brave and true, For-
2. A-mer - i - ca, the land of love, Of free - dom, hope and light, Long
3. And with the star - ry ban - ner, too, Un - furled in the gen - tle breeze, There
4. The ban - ner of the ho - ly cross O'er all the world shall wave, While

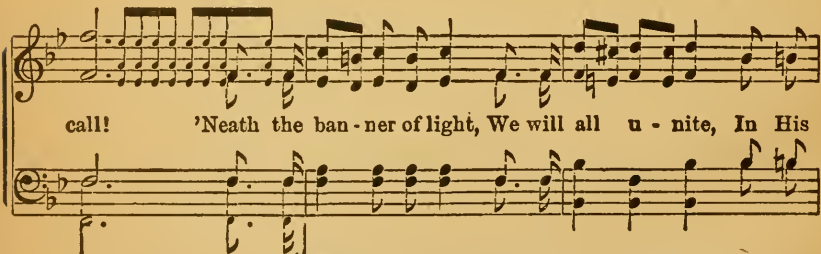


ev - er may her ban - ner wave, The red, and the white, and blue.
 may her peo - ple stand as one, For hon - or and truth and right,
 floats the flag of Chris - tian love, O'er moun - tain, and vale and seas.
 from the na - tions of the earth Shall gath - er the sol - diers brave.

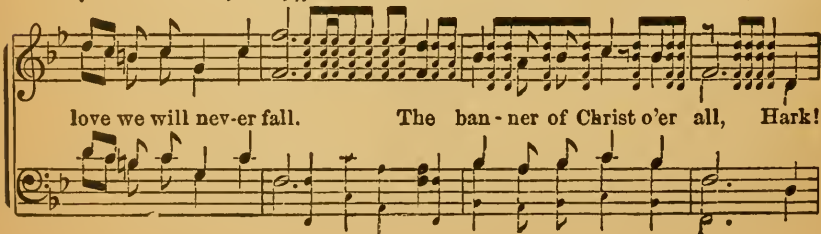
CHORUS IN UNISON.



The ban - ner of Christ o'er all, Hark! hark! hear the bu - gle



call! 'Neath the ban - ner of light, We will all u - nite, In His



love we will nev - er fall. The ban - ner of Christ o'er all, Hark!

hark! hear the bu-gle call! 'Neath the ban-ner of light,

We will all u-nite, In His love we will nev-er fall.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side,
 2. Ev-er-pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near, Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,

Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
 Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there,

D.S.-Whis'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."
 2-3. Whis-per

Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice
 When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je-sus' blood;

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

pp Very slow.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

m

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Pleading for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Promised for

you and for me; See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and head not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,

m CHORUS.
 Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,...
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

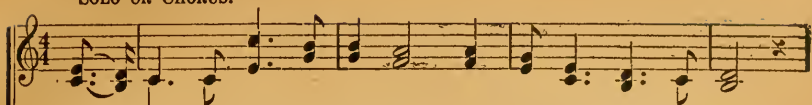
Cres. *pp* *ppp*
 Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

Rit. *pp*
 Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

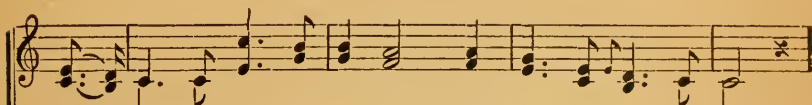
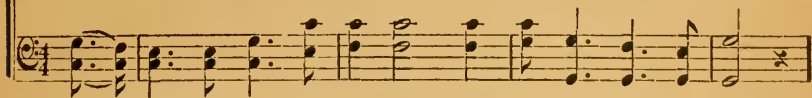
I'm On a Shining Pathway.

75

JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.
SOLO OR CHORUS.



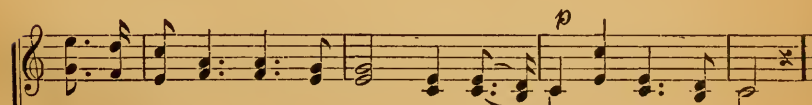
1. I am on a shin - ing path - way, A - down life's short - ning years,
2. My soul hath had its con - flicts With might - y hosts of sin;
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled,



And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With dead - ly foes with - out me; And dead - lier foes with - in;
And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home his child;



But I saw those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

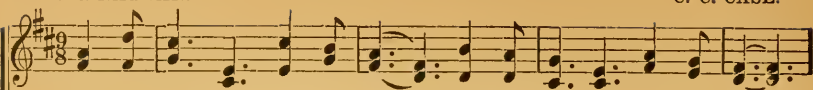


While I'm trust - ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For He is the King of Glo - ry— The Man of Gal - i - lee!

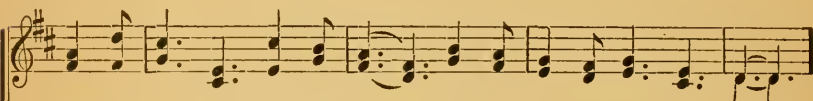


EL. NATHAN.

C. C. CASE.



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;



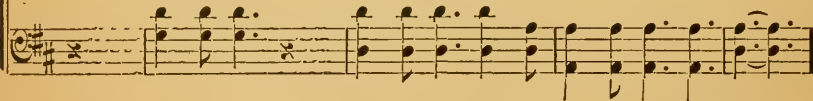
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



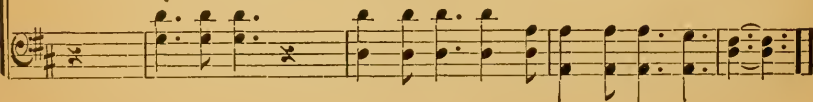
CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



Never Say "No" To God.

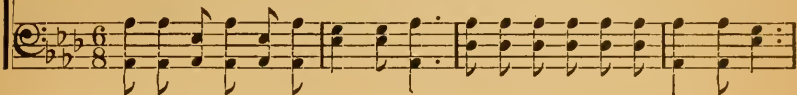
77

H. G. S.

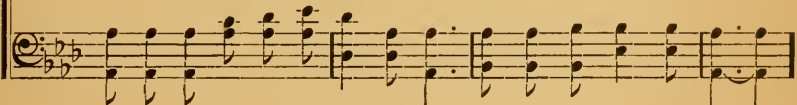
H. G. SMYTH.



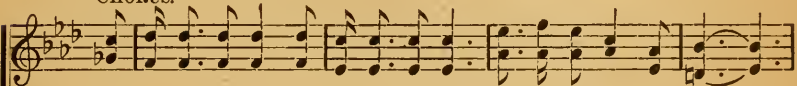
1. Never resist when the Spirit calls, Answer his pleading, make Christ your all;
2. Ready to go where the Spirit sends, God's hand of love to the lost extend;
3. Brother, the Spirit is calling thee, Offering pardon and grace so free;
4. There is a voice that calls soft and sweet, Coming from One with nail-pierced feet;



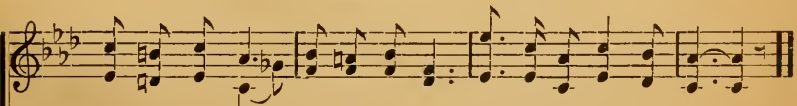
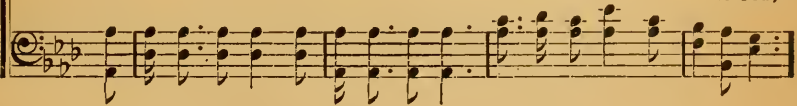
Sin will no longer thy life enthrall, Never say "no" to God.
 E'en tho' your own plans you must suspend, Never say "no" to God.
 Give God your heart and from all sin flee, Never say "no" to God.
 God is now waiting thy soul to greet, Never say "no" to God.



CHORUS.



Be ready to go, and ready to do, Never say "no" to God;
 to God;

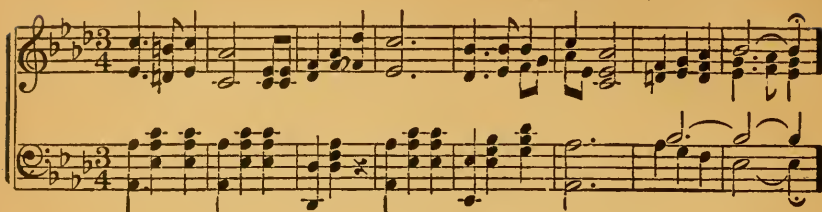
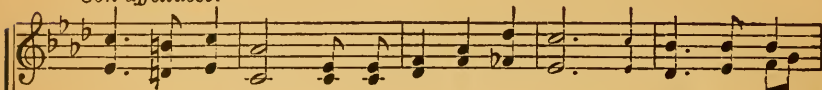


Yield to his will, trust and be still, Never say "no" to God.



Sowing the Tares.

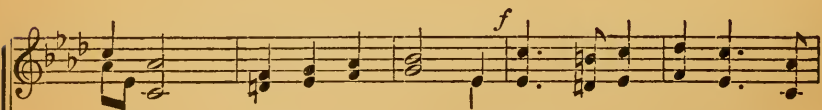
(Duet and Quartet, or may be sung as a Solo.)

Words by a convict
while in prison.Melody by J. C. BRIDGE,
Harmonized by W. T. GIFFE.*Con affettuoso.*

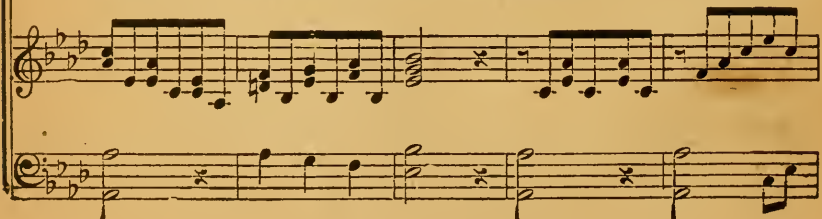
- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 1. Sow - ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, | Sow - ing of |
| 2. Sow - ing the tares, oh, how dark the black sin! | Min - gling a |
| 3. Sow - ing the tares that will bring sor-row down, | Rob of its |
| 4. Sow - ing the tares, un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been | |



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mal-ice,	spite, and de - ceit; We might have sown ro - ses a-
curse with	life's sweetest hymn, And heed - ing no an - guish, no
jew - els	life's fair - est crown, And turn - ing to sil - ver the
wheat all	gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re -



p *Cres.* *Rit. e dim.*

mid life's sad cares, While we were so cru-el-ly sow-ing the tares.
pit - e - ous pray'rs, While we were so cru-el-ly sow-ing the tares.
once gold - en hairs, Grown whit-er as thoughtlessly we sowed the tares.
pentance and pray'rs, And plead for for - give-ness for sow - ing the tares.

Rit.

QUARTET.

m

p

Sow - ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal - ice,

Cres. *p*

spite, and de - ceit; We might have sown ro - ses a - mid life's sad

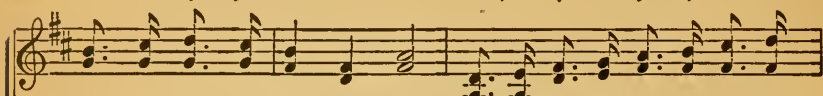
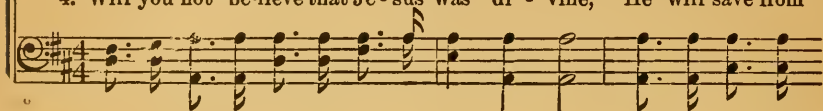
p *Cres.* *p* *Dim. e rit.*

cares, But we plead for for - give-ness for sow - ing the tares.

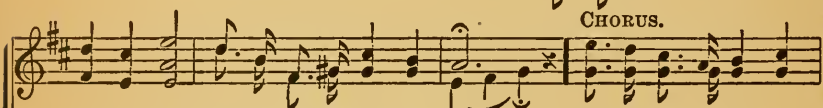
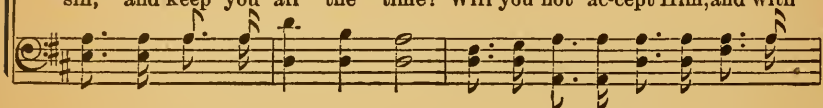
* Small notes for the last stanza.



1. Sing the precious sto - ry of the Fa - ther's love, Love so great and
2. Sing it, and re-joice that Je - sus lived on earth, Lived a life so
3. Sing with thankful heart and voice of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus suf - fered,
4. Will you not be-lieve that Je - sus was di - vine, He will save from



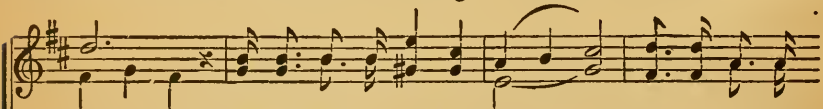
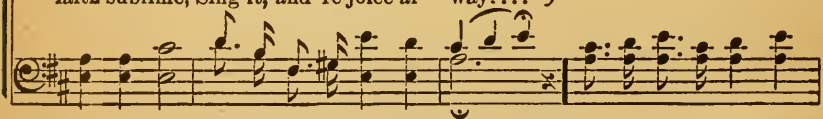
won - der - ful from heav'n a - bove; How He sent His on - ly Son the
 beau - ti - ful, of roy - al worth; 'Twas a great ex - am - ple, tho' of
 bled, and died for you and me; Ceaseless be His prais-es thro' e -
 sin, and keep you all the time? Will you not ac-cept Him, and with



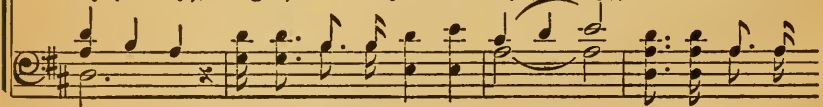
CHORUS.

love to prove, Sing it, and re-joice al - way....
 low - ly birth, Sing it, and re-joice al - way....
 ter - ni - ty, Sing it, and re-joice al - way....
 faith sublime, Sing it, and re-joice al - way?...

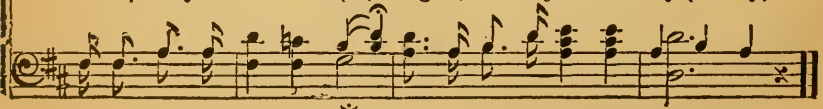
} Sing it, and re-joice to -



day (to-day), Sing it, and re-joice al - way (al-way); Tell it un - to



oth-ers, lift your voi - ces high; Sing it, and re-joice al - way (al-way).



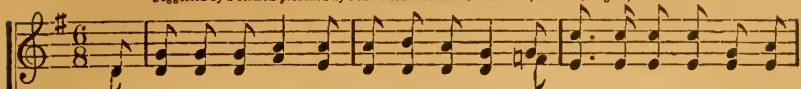
Unspeakably Precious

81

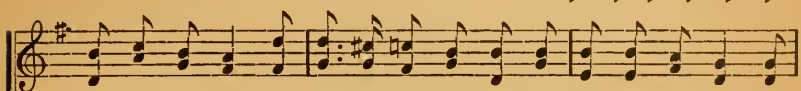
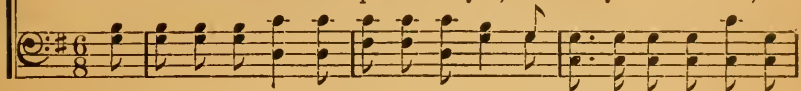
H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

Suggested by a sermon preached by John Robertson at Winona Lake, Indiana, August, 1902.



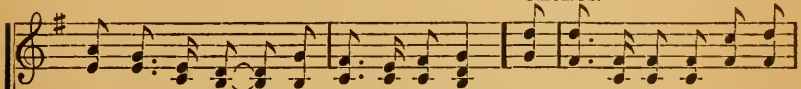
1. Is Je-sus the Saviour precious to you, So precious you're willing his
2. Is Je-sus the Saviour precious to you, So precious you're ready his
3. How precious is Je-sus to all who plead! A helper, a keeper, a
4. I wish I could make him precious to you, Persuade you to love him, so



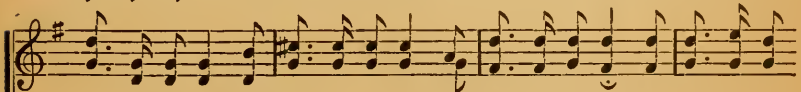
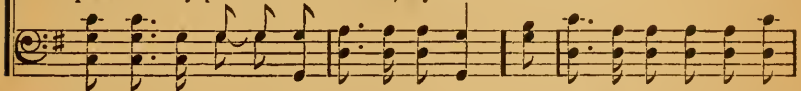
ser-vice to do For those who are burdened with sorrow and sin And
will now to do? Then take up the sick-le and haste to the field Now
true friend in need, A tow-er of strength in which we may hide And
ten-der and true; Ac-cept and con-fess him and trust him for all! Un-



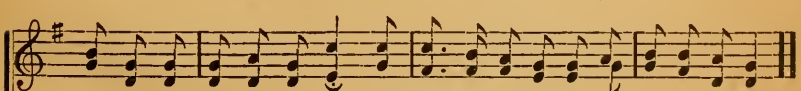
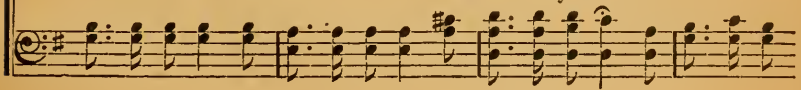
CHORUS.



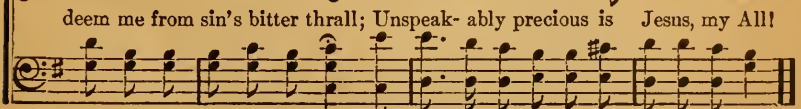
have not your 'Sav- iour dwelling within?
white to the harvest of a-bundant yield. } Unspeak- a- bly precious is
'neath its safe shelter may always abide. }
speak- a- bly precious is Je-sus, my Lord!



Je- sus to me! He shed his own blood on Cal- vary's tree To save and re-



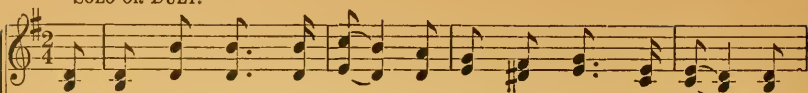
deem me from sin's bitter thrall; Unspeak- ably precious is Jesus, my All!



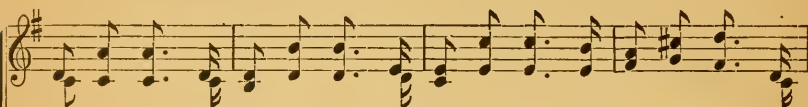
EL. NATHAN.

C. C. CASE.

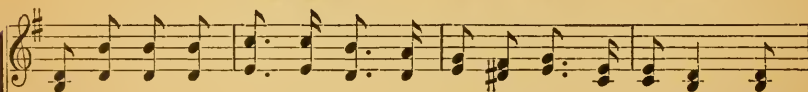
SOLO OR DUET.



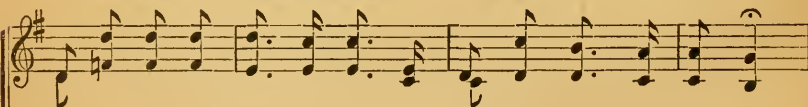
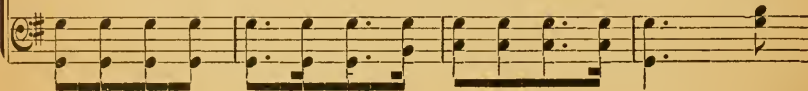
1. Be care - ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow; The
2. Be care - ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow; Where
3. Be care - ful what you sow, The weed you plant will grow; The
4. Then let us sow good deeds, And ont the briars and weeds; Then



dew will fall, The rain will splash, The clouds grow dark, The sunshine flash; And
 it may fall, You can-not know, In sun or shade 'Twill sure - ly grow, And
 scattered seed From tho't-less hand Must gather'd be By God's command; And
 har-vest time Its joys shall bring, And when we reap, Our hearts shall sing; And



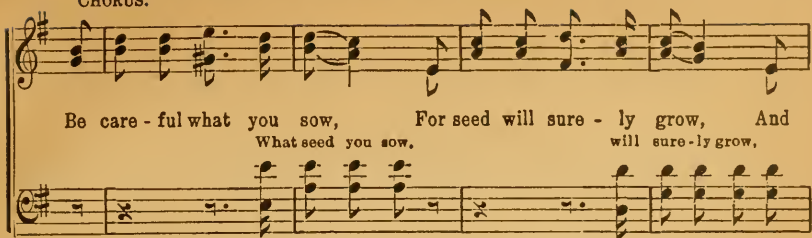
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to - mor - row, And
 he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to - mor - row, And
 he who sows wild oats to - day, Must reap the crop to - mor - row, And
 he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to - mor - row, And



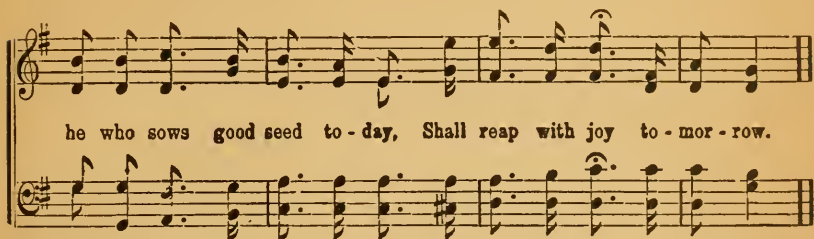
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.
 he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.
 he who sows wild oats to - day, Shall reap with tears to - mor - row.
 he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.



CHORUS.



Be care - ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow, And
What seed you sow, will sure - ly grow,

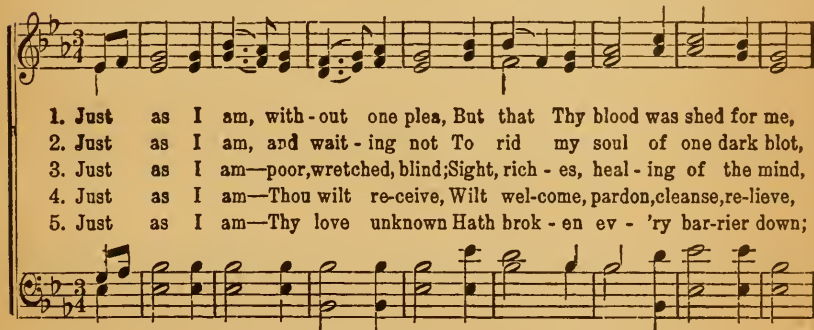


he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.

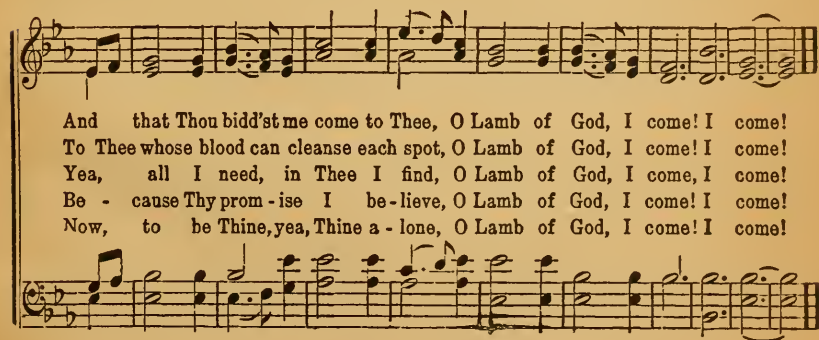
Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, pardon, cleanse, re - lieve,
5. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath brok - en ev - 'ry bar - rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Psalm 24.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
 2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
 3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless - ing re - ceive, The God of sal -

dwell - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun - da - tion hath
 place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart, and of hands without
 va - tion shall righteousness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an entrance dis -

laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
 stain, Who swears not to false - hood, nor loves what is vain.
 play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.

CHORUS.

Be lift - ed, ye gates, to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye doors ev - er -
 Be lift - ed, ye gates to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye

last - - - ing, an en - trance dis - play; The King of all
 doors ev - er - last - - ing, an entrance dis - play;

glo - ry high honors a - wait, The King of all glo - ry shall en - ter in state.
The King of all glo - ry

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

J. B. DYKES.

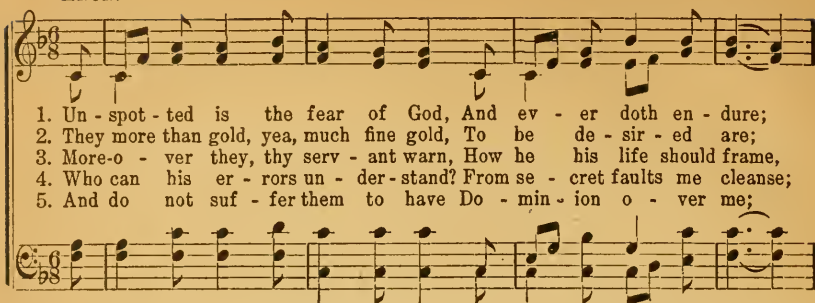
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore, Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

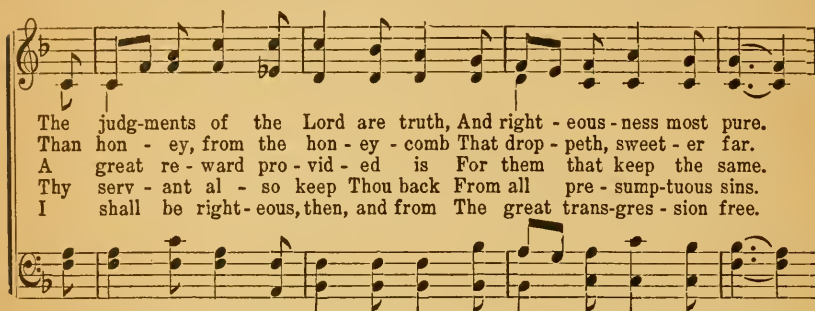
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

ANON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

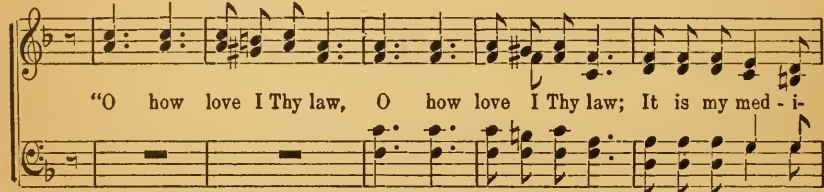


1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
 2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
 3. More - o - ver they, thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame,
 4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
 5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

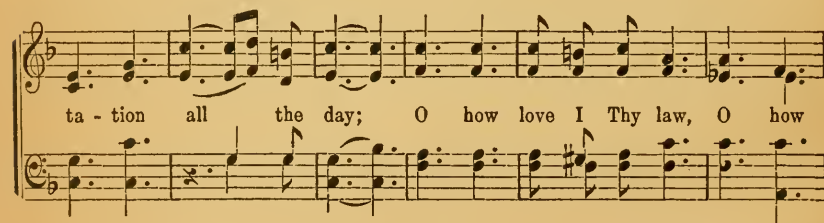


The judg - ments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous - ness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey - comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
 Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump - tuous sins.
 I shall be right - eous, then, and from The great trans - gres - sion free.

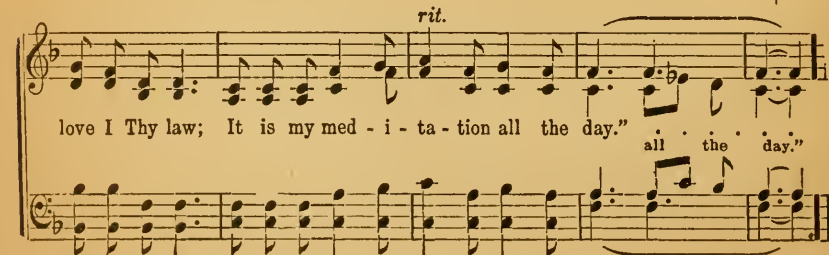
CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.



"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -



ta - tion all the day; O how love I Thy law, O how



love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day." all the day."

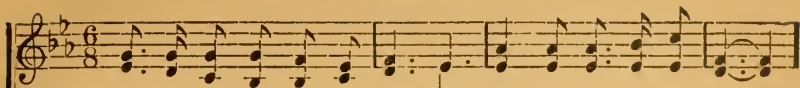
Acquaint Thyself With Jesus.

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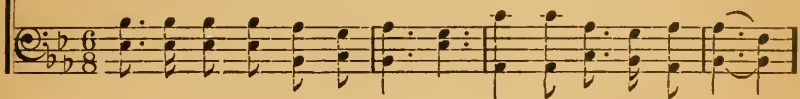
H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

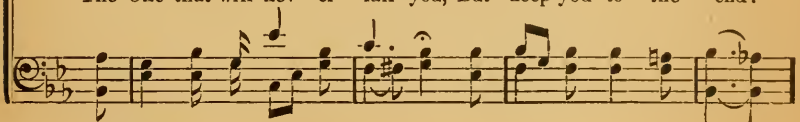
Dedicated to and first sung in Emmanuel Church, Los Angeles, Cal.



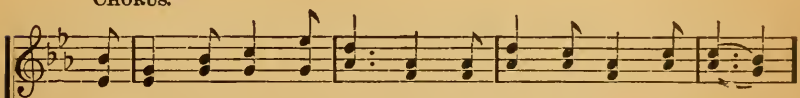
1. Are you ac-quainted with Je - sus? Are you trusting in him?
2. Are you ac-quainted with Je - sus? Are you walking with him?
3. Are you ac-quainted with Je - sus? Are you leaning on him?
4. Are you ac-quainted with Je - sus? Best and tru - est of friends,



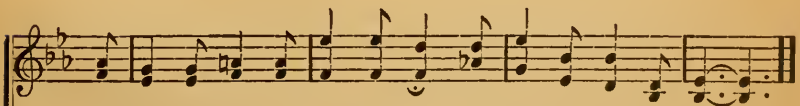
The One al - to - geth - er love - ly Will cleanse your heart from sin.
He'll give you his peace and par - don, O why not let him in?
The One that will bless and com - fort Is pleading to come in.
The One that will nev - er fail you, But keep you to the end?



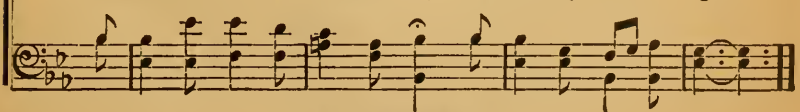
CHORUS.



Acquaint thy - self with Je - sus, His is a friendship sweet;



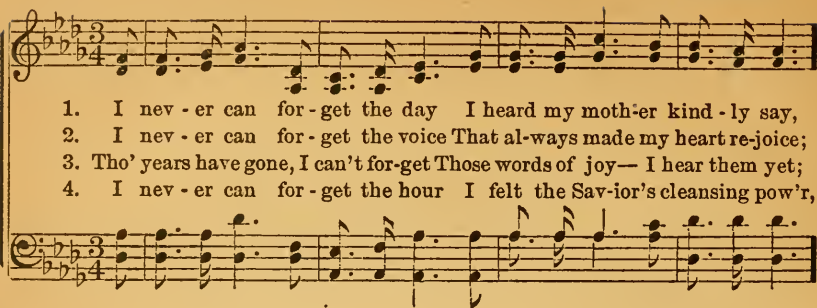
His love like to a mother's is; He waits thy soul to greet.



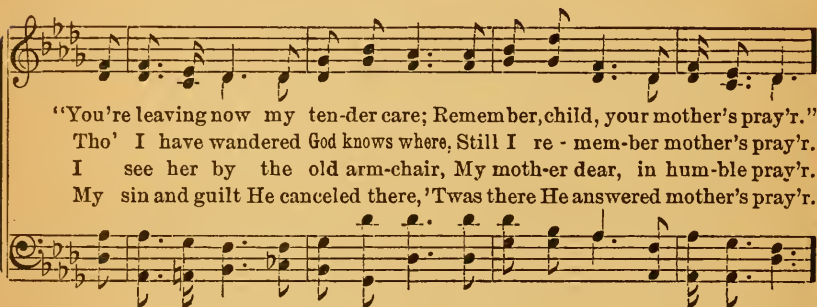
My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

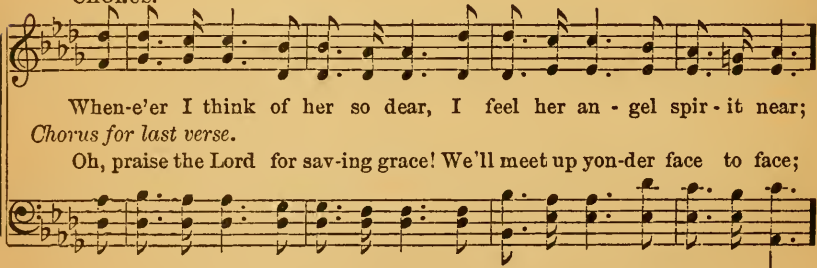


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
 2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of joy — I hear them yet;
 4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleansing pow'r,

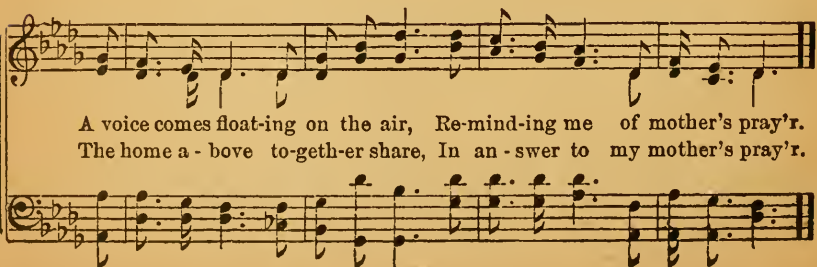


"You're leaving now my ten - der care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's pray'r.
 I see her by the old arm - chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble pray'r.
 My sin and guilt He canceled there, 'Twas there He answered mother's pray'r.

CHORUS.



When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
Chorus for last verse.
 Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face;



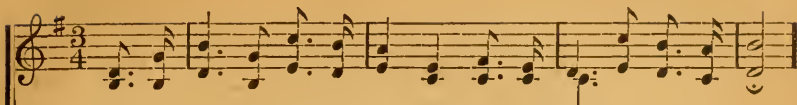
A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.

The Glory-Land Up Yonder.

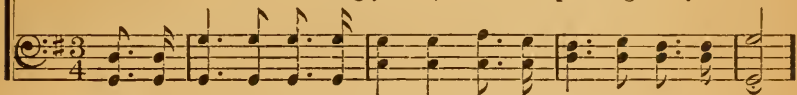
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H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.



1. There's a land of rest and beau - ty, Where our Saviour reigns supreme;
2. There our fa - ther and our moth - er Rest from sorrow, grief and care,
3. Brothers, sisters, friends are waiting In the glo - ry-land a - bove;
4. There's a ba - by darling waiting At the gate to meet someone,
5. But there's One who's waiting yonder, And he's pleading for you there:



And the mansions that He promised, Where our loved ones dwell unseen.
And they're waiting for our coming To the cit - y bright and fair.
Waiting there to bid us welcome, And to greet us with their love.
List - en! She is call - ing, mother, Calling now for you to come.
It is Je - sus Christ, the Saviour, No love can with his compare!



CHORUS.



In the glo - ry-land up yonder, Loved ones calmly watch and wait
Last v. In the glo - ry-land up yonder, Je - sus waits to hear you say:



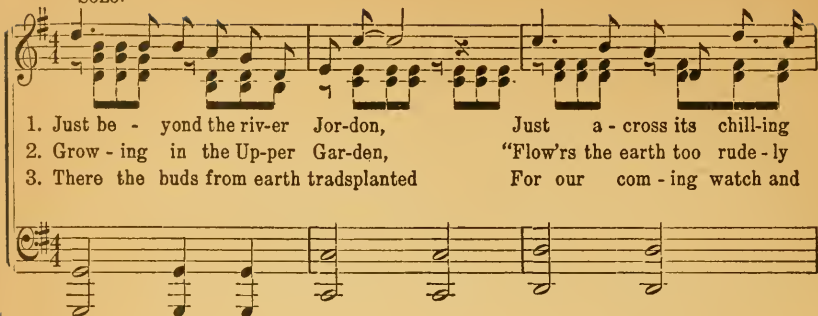
For the dear ones left behind them—They are waiting at the gate.
"I am com - ing, blessed Mas - ter; I'll no longer turn a - way!"



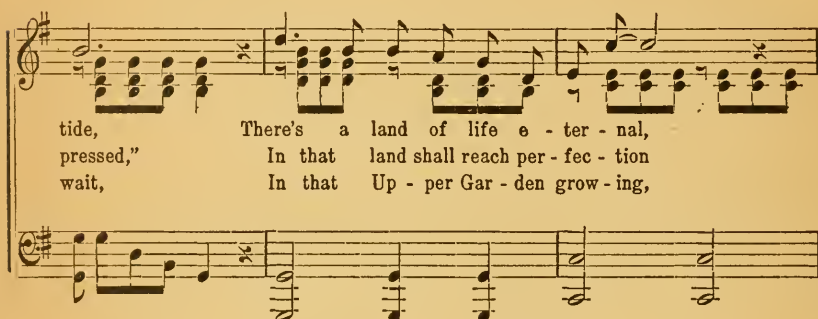
In the Upper Garden.

C. A. M.
SOLO.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Just be - yond the riv - er Jor - don, Just a - cross its chill - ing
 2. Grow - ing in the Up - per Gar - den, "Flow'rs the earth too rude - ly
 3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our com - ing watch and

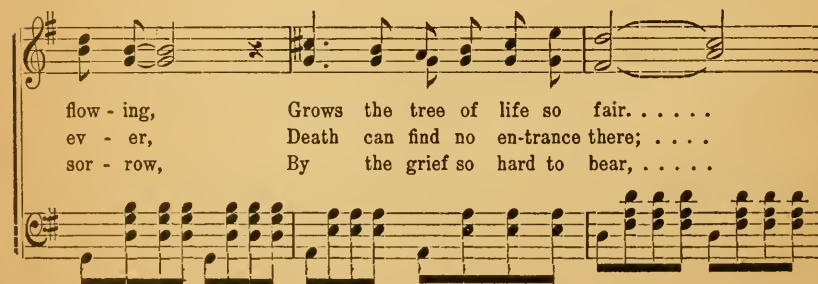


tide, There's a land of life e - ter - nal,
 pressed," In that land shall reach per - fec - tion
 wait, In that Up - per Gar - den grow - ing,

rit. **DUET.**

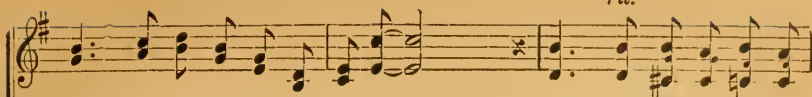


Thro' its vales sweet wa - ters glide. By the crys - tal riv - er
 By the heav'n - ly Gard'ner dressed. There the flow - ers bloom for -
 Just with - in the gold - en gate. Tho' our hearts may break with



flow - ing, Grows the tree of life so fair.
 ev - er, Death can find no en - trance there;
 sor - row, By the grief so hard to bear,

rit.

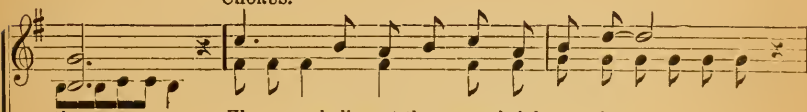


Ma - ny loved ones wait our com-ing
There is life and light e - ter - nal,
We shall meet them some glad morning

In the Up - per Gar-den
There is joy be-yond com-
In that Up - per Gar-den



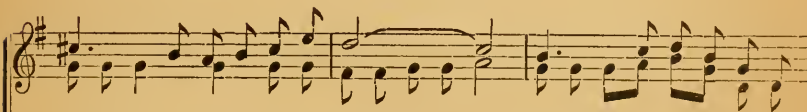
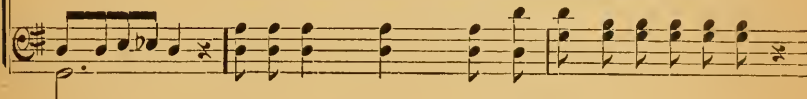
CHORUS.



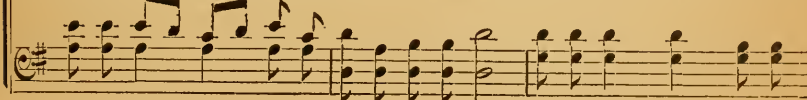
there.
pare.
there.

We shall meet them some bright morning,

We shall meet them some bright morning, some bright morning,



Rest - ing by the wa-ters fair; . . . They are waiting for our
Rest-ing by the wa-ters fair, the wa-ters fair; They are wait - ing for our



com-ing

In the Up - per Gar-den there.

com-ing, for our com-ing.

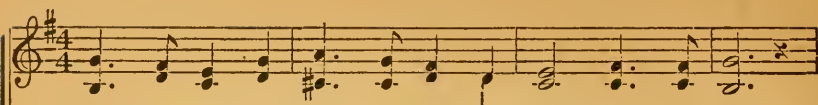
In the Up - per Gar-den, in the Up - per Gar-den there.



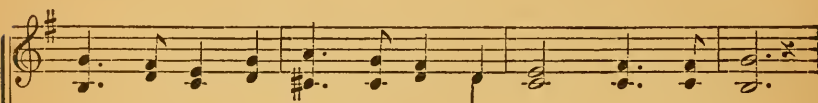
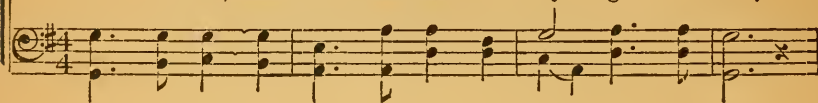
Gar - den there,

Mrs. E. S. BLACK.

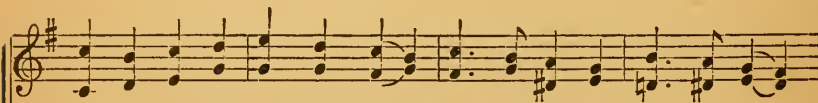
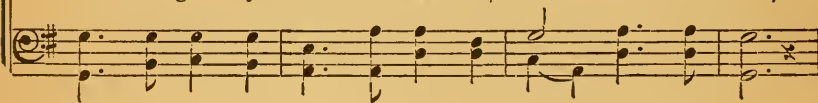
WELSH MELODY. ARR. BY JAS. D. LITTLE.



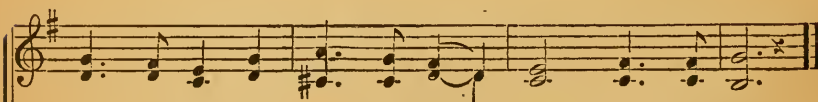
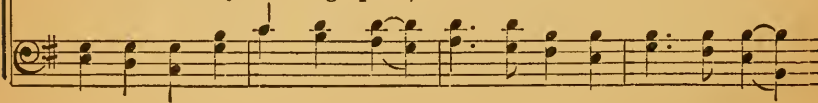
1. Where the winds of death are blow - ing, Wan - ders my Lord,
2. Long I wan - dered, faint and wea - ry, Bur - dened with woes,
3. Sav - ior, since I heard Thee call - ing "Come, come to me,"
4. Soul of mine, when thou hast tak - en Thy flight a - bove,



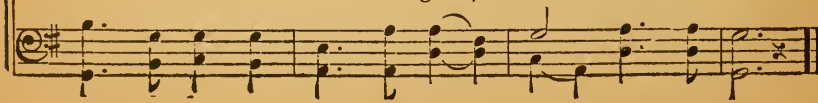
Thro' the vales of sin He's go - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord;
 Dark - er grew the way, and drear - y, Fierc - er my foes;
 O'er my heart a peace is fall - ing, Deep as the sea;
 Filled with glo - ry—thou shalt wak - en, Ra - diant with love;



Seek - ing lost ones from Him straying, Loved ones, long from home de - lay - ing,
 Till this ten - der Shepherd found me, Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me,
 All to Thee I now sur - ren - der, Be my stay, my sure de - fend - er,
 Hear'n shall be thy dwell - ing place, Thou shalt see Him face to face,



Ev - er - more He's watch - ing, pray - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord.
 With the bands of love He bound me, Brought sweet re - pose.
 Make me ho - ly, pure and ten - der, More, more like Thee.
 Praise Him for His won - drous grace, And bound - less love.

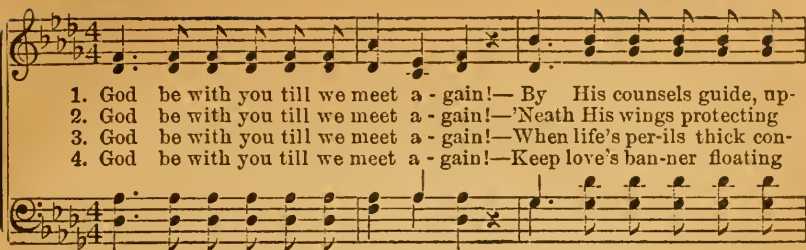


God be With You.

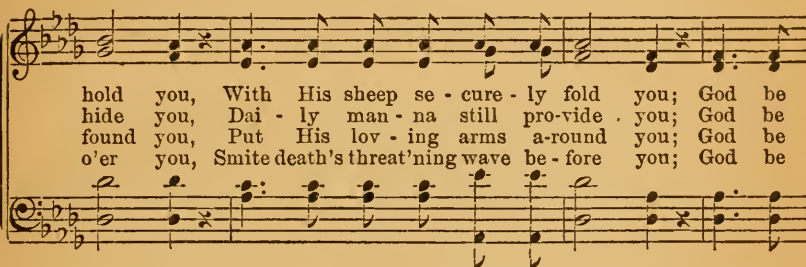
93

J. E. RANKIN.

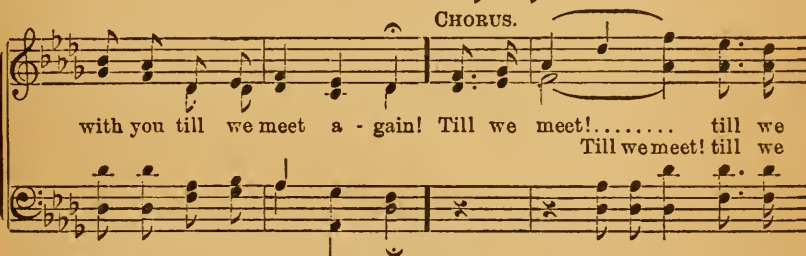
W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per-ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban-ner floating

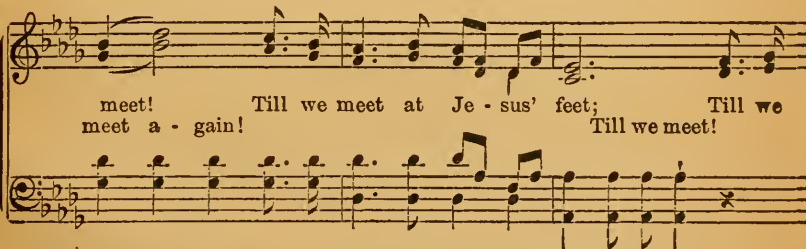


hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be
 found you, Put His lov - ing arms a-round you; God be
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you; God be

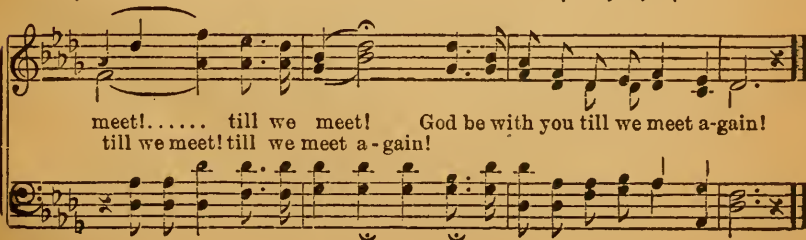


CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... till we
 Till we meet! till we



meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain! Till we meet!



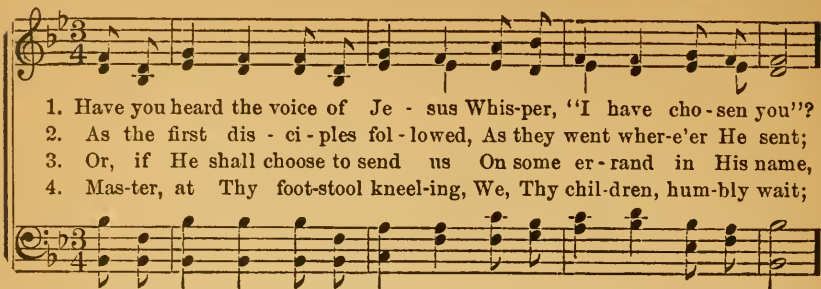
meet!..... till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 till we meet! till we meet a - gain!

The Inner Circle.

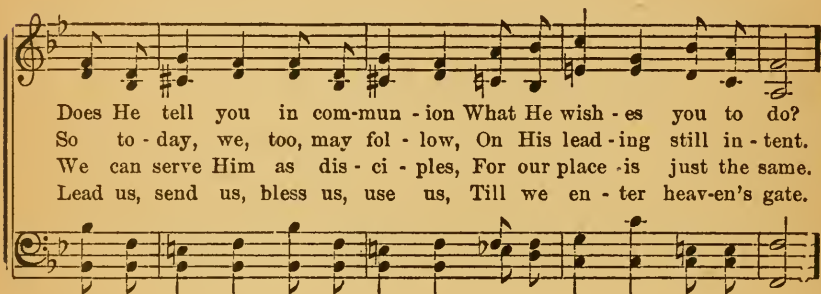
DEDICATED TO REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D., AND FIRST SUNG IN THE UNION
MEETINGS AT MOUNT VERNON, IN NOVEMBER 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.

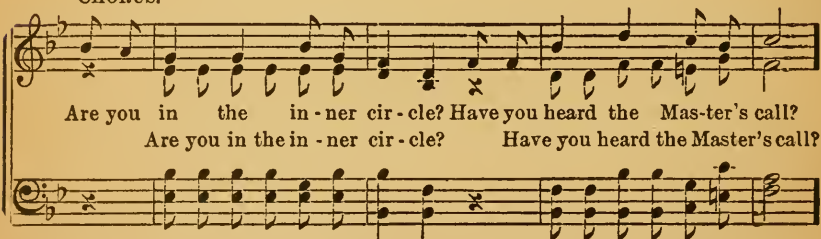


1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, 'I have cho-sen you'?'
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher-e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er-rand in His name,
4. Mas-ter, at Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;

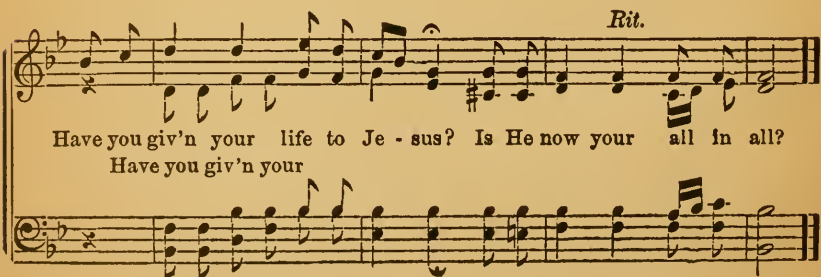


Does He tell you in com-mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead-ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place - is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.

CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas-ter's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?



Rit.
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?
Have you giv'n your

The Sunward Side of the Cloud.

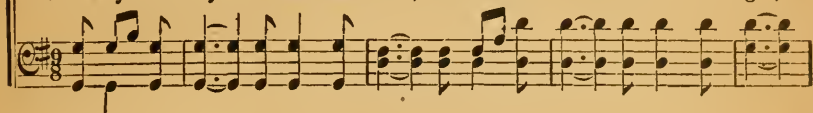
95

A. C. DIXON.

C. C. CASE.



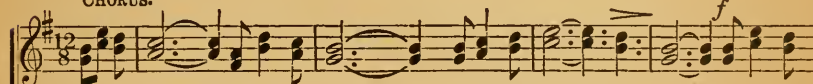
1. The sun-ward side of ev - 'ry grief With love and hope and joy is bright,
2. Look not at weak-ness of the flesh But at the Spir - it's might-y pow'r,
3. If God's great love for sin - ners lost Was shown up - on the shame-ful tree,
4. And by and by in heav'n a - bove, All clouds for - ev - er out of sight,



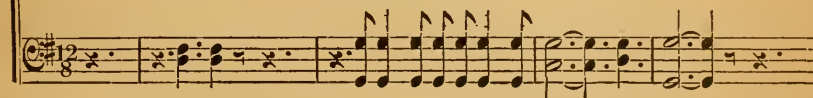
And ev - 'ry heart will find re - lief While walk-ing in the heav'n-ly light.
 For full sup - ply of grace a - fresh Comes with the need of ev - 'ry hour.
 He will be - stow at ev - 'ry cost, The grace suf - fi - cient now for thee.
 The rain-bow-cir - cled Throne of Love, Will fill thy home with ra - diant light.



CHORUS.



So keep on the sun-ward side, And in His love a - bide; The light will
 Keep on the sunward side,



shine with glo-ry di - vine, While you keep on the sun - ward side.
 will shine,



Steadily Marching On.

ADA BLENKHORN—FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy - ful - ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with
 2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal! Glo - ry be to

glad ac - claim; Lift up your hearts un - to His throne with glad - ness,
 God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind - ness,

Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, March - ing a - long un - der His
 Join the cho - rus of the sky, Still march - ing on, cheer - i - ly

ban - ner bright, Trust - ing in His mer - cy as we go, (trust - ing we go),
 march - ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go, (ev - er we'll go),

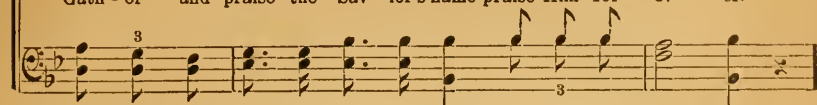
His light di - vine ten - der - ly o'er us will shine;
 Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest;

Steadily Marching On. Concluded.

97



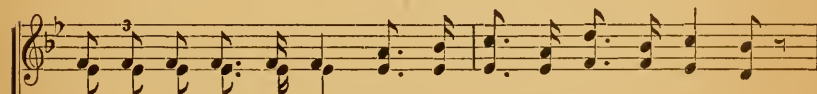
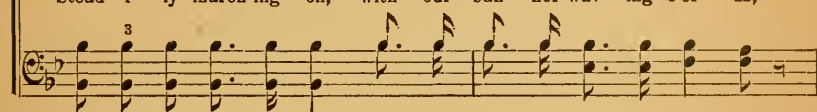
We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
Gath - er and praise the Sav - ior's name praise Him for - ev - er.



CHORUS.



Stead - i - ly march - ing on, with our ban - ner wav - ing o'er us,



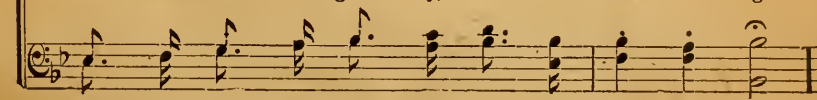
Stead - i - ly march - ing on, while we sing the joy - ful cho - rus;



Stead - i - ly march - ing on, pil - lar and cloud go - ing be - fore us,

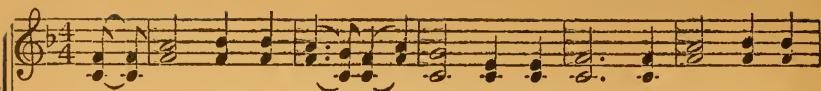


To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.



ANON.

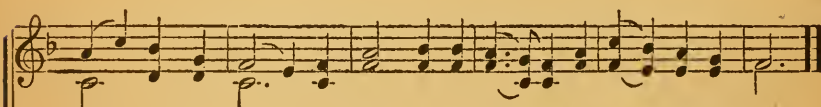
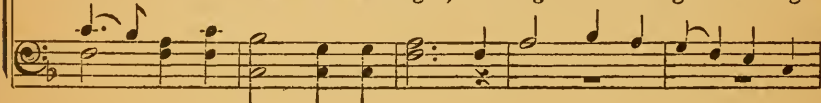
ADONIRAM J. GORDON.



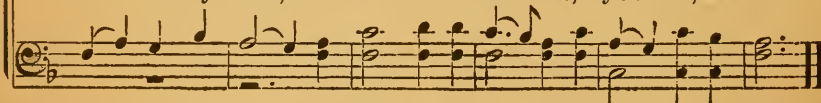
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - tering



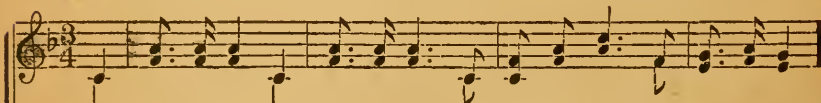
Sav - lor art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



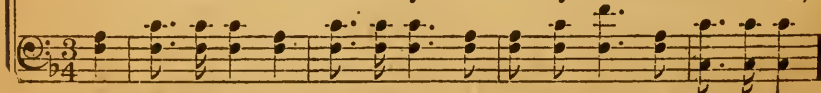
I'll Live for Thee.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va-ry To save my soul and make me free,



CHO.—I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee. And oh, how glad my soul should be

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I'll Live for Thee. Concluded.

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D. S. for Cho.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

That Thou didst give Thy - self for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER

LOWELL MASON.

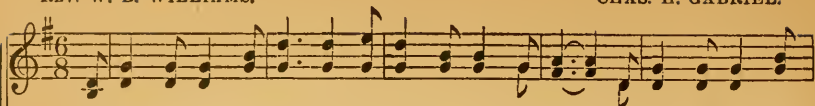
1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in His day;
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre - cious blood, Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. Then, in a no - blér, sweet - ér song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood; Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I though vile, as he, Wash all my sins a way.
 Till all the ran - somed Church of God, Are saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisp - ing stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

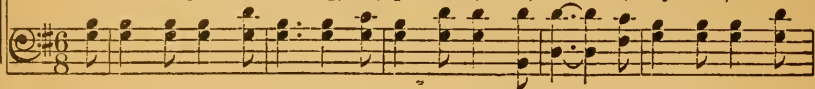
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
 Wash all my sins a - way, .. Wash all my sins a - way;
 Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, .. And shall be till I die;
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

REV. W. B. WILLIAMS,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



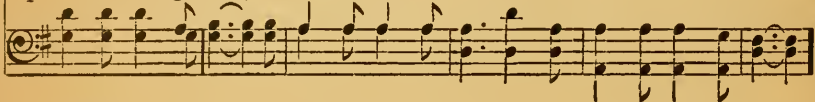
1. The times of great refreshing, O grant us, Lord, a-gain; Thy vineyard needs the
2. For times of great refreshing, Our souls now pant and cry; Our spirits are de-
3. A time of great refreshing, Thy presence, Lord, would be; Thy Zion, then re-



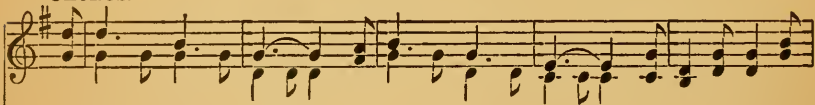
bless - ing Of gra-cious, grow-ing rain. O give us now the show - er That
 press - ing, Our hearts are hard and dry; O make us now to blos-som Like
 joic - ing, Would sing her praise to Thee; The tree of con - se - cra - tion Would



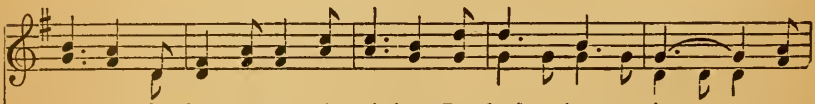
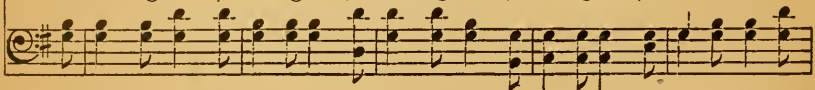
shall our hearts re-new, And make us, by Thy pow-er, To start our growth a-new.
 flow - ers in the spring; The fruit that's sweet and wholesome In ho - ly liv - ing bring.
 pre-cious fruitage bear; A wondrous transformation Would come if Thou wert here.



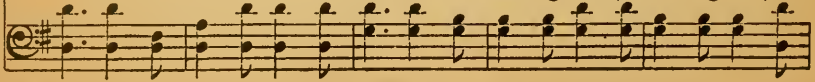
CHORUS.



Re-fresh - ing times, re-viv - ing rain; The Holy Ghost out-
 Re-freshing times, reviving rain, refreshing times, reviving rain;



pour-ing, The showers warm, in-spir-ing; Re-fresh - ing times, . . . re-
 Re-fresh-ing times, re-viv-ing rain, re-



viv - ing rain, . . . O give us once a - gain, give us, Lord, a - gain
fresh - ing times, re - viv - ing rain,

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK,

With great feeling.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

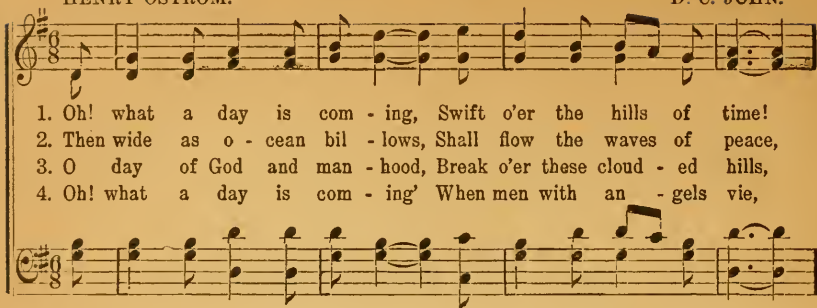
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm comidg home.

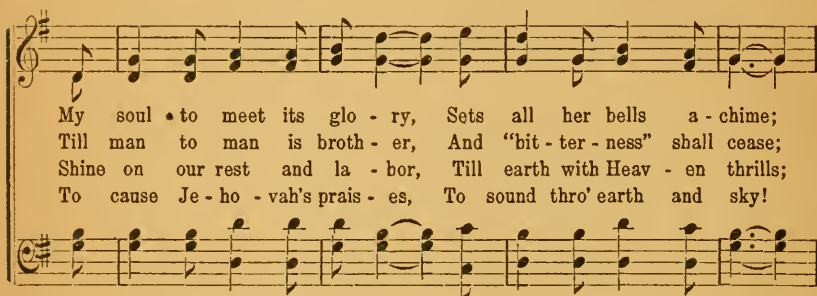
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O, wash me whiter than snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

HENRY OSTROM.

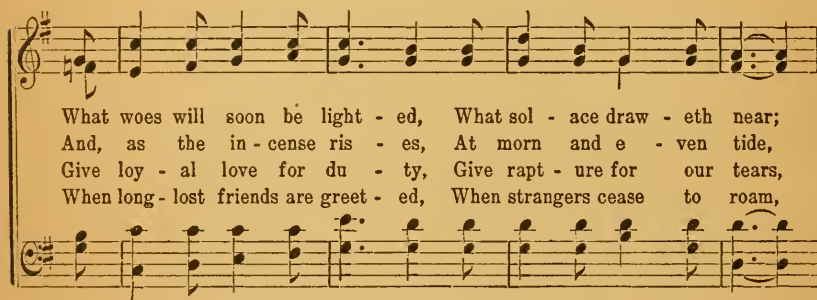
D. C. JOHN.



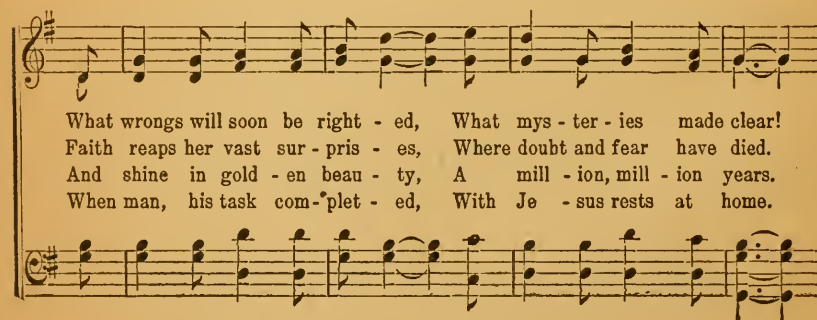
1. Oh! what a day is com - ing, Swift o'er the hills of time!
 2. Then wide as o - cean bil - lows, Shall flow the waves of peace,
 3. O day of God and man - hood, Break o'er these cloud - ed hills,
 4. Oh! what a day is com - ing' When men with an - gels vie,



My soul • to meet its glo - ry, Sets all her bells a - chime;
 Till man to man is broth - er, And "bit - ter - ness" shall cease;
 Shine on our rest and la - bor, Till earth with Heav - en thrills;
 To cause Je - ho - vah's prais - es, To sound thro' earth and sky!



What woes will soon be light - ed, What sol - ace draw - eth near;
 And, as the in - cense ris - es, At morn and e - ven tide,
 Give loy - al love for du - ty, Give rapt - ure for our tears,
 When long - lost friends are greet - ed, When strangers cease to roam,



What wrongs will soon be right - ed, What mys - ter - ies made clear!
 Faith reaps her vast sur - pris - es, Where doubt and fear have died.
 And shine in gold - en beau - ty, A mill - ion, mill - ion years.
 When man, his task com - plet - ed, With Je - sus rests at home.

CHORUS.

'Twill sur-e-ly come, it draw-eth nigh,
 'Twill sure-ly come. it draweth nigh,
 It's glo-rious dawn lights up the sky; 'Twill
 Its glorious dawn lights up the sky;
 sure-ly come it draw-eth nigh 'Tis coming by and by.
 'Twill surely come it draw-eth nigh,

Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE.

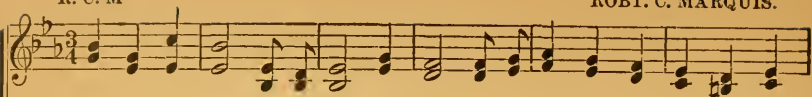
ITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep;
 3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 Till in the o-cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in Heav'n a-bove.

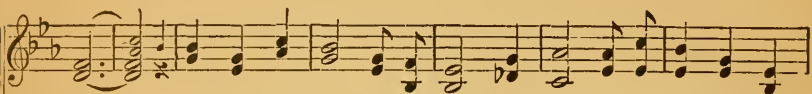
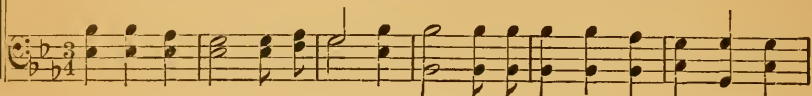
Leaves, Only Leaves.

R. C. M

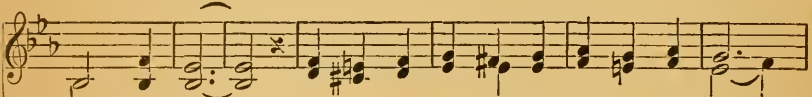
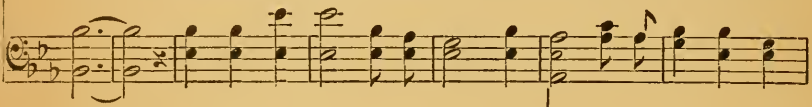
ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



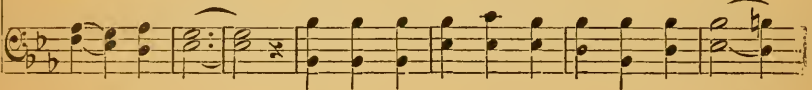
1. Leaves, on-ly leaves, was the fig-tree's crown, Tho' it promised ripe fruit - age as
2. Leaves, on-ly leaves, will the Mas - ter find If perchance He may pass me to-
3. Leaves, on-ly leaves, af - ter years of care, Has God's goodness been wasted on
4. Sheaves, golden sheaves, by the Spir - it's pow'r, Will I lay at the Mas - ter's



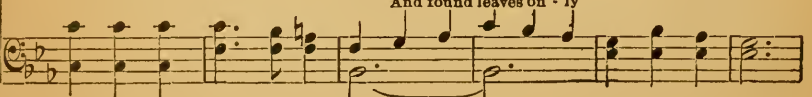
well; Leaves, withered leaves, ah! so parched and brown, Sad the sto - ry of
 day; Leaves, on - ly leaves, and no fruit en-twined, Will my Lord be com-
 me; Leaves, on - ly leaves, shall this be my share From God's hand thro' e-
 feet; Sheaves, gold-en sheaves, in the heav'n - ly bow'r Shall be wait-ing my



life they tell. Use - less and wast - ed its years haws all been,
 pelled to say. Hun - gry and wea - ry, He comes to my door,
 ter - ni - ty. Vain - ly He send - eth me bless-ings each day,
 soul to greet. Hum - bly and fer - vent-ly, Lord, I be - seech,



Why should it long - er be spared? Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Will He find fruit, and a - bide? Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Vain - ly He com - eth to find Leaves, on - ly leaver,
 Give me great pow - er to win Souls, ru - ined souls,
 And found leaves on - ly



pp *ff* *rit.* *dim.*

leaves, on - ly leaves, Je - sus has passed, and found leaves, on - ly leaves.
 leaves, on - ly leaves, Gath'-ring time's past, and I've leaves, on - ly leaves.
 leaves, on - ly leaves, Gath'-ring time's past, and I've leaves, on - ly leaves.
 souls, pre - cious souls, Gath'-ring time's pass - ing, give souls, oh, give souls.

Even Me.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

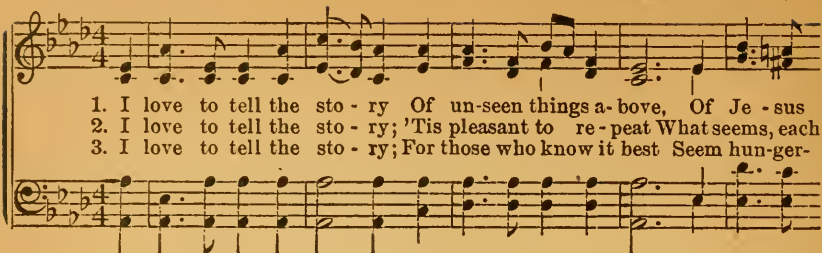
1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior! Let me love and cling to thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,

Show's the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt call - ing, oh, call me—
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
 Grace of God, so strong and bound - less;—Mag - ni - fy them all in me—
 While the streams of life are spring - ing, Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me—

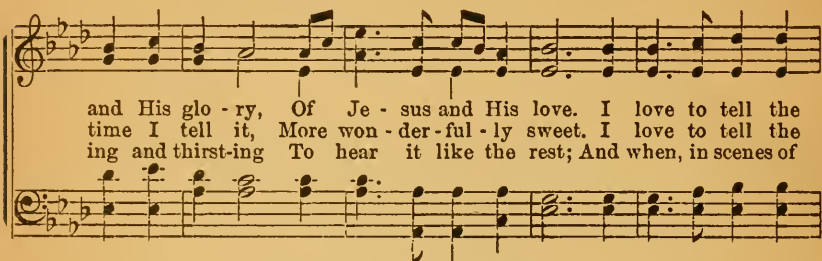
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

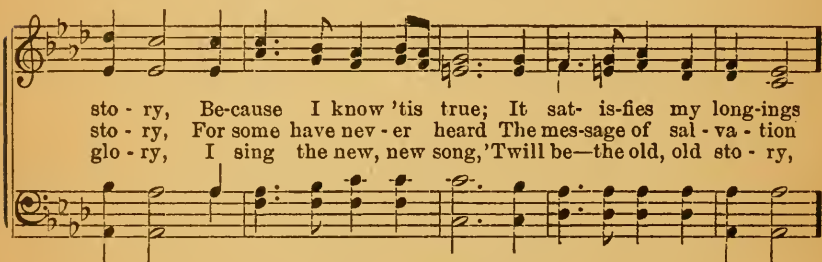
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest; And when, in scenes of



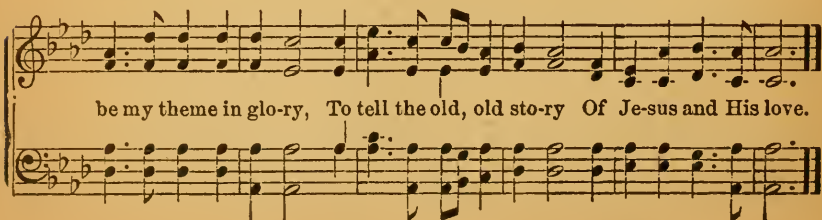
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be — the old, old sto - ry,

Tied by per.

REFRAIN.



As noth - ing else can do. }
Fom God's own ho - ly word. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
That I have loved so long. }



be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
 2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
 3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 those who once pro-fessed to love Have si-lent grown and mute, I
 march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy-ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit-tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,—A lit-tle talk with
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit-tle talk with

D. S.—trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al-ways find A lit-tle talk with

Fine. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 Je - sus makes it right, all right.

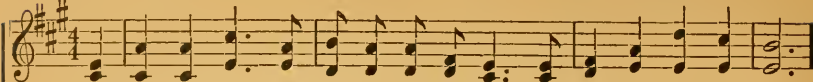
D. S.
 right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isalah, 12: 2.

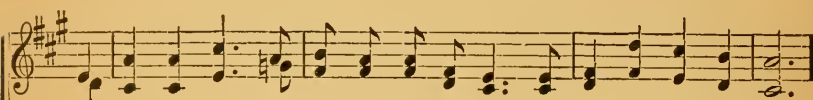
(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



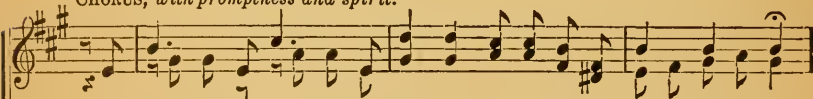
1. Once more, my soul, thy Sav-ior, thro' the Word, Is of - fer - ed full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mer - cy now re - ceive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou know - est, Lord, how ver - y weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to - day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here be - low, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"



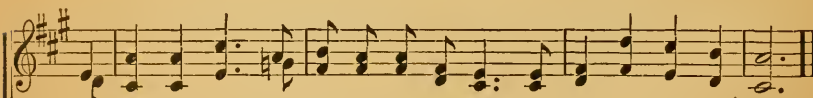
And now, O Lord, I must, I must de - cide; Shall I ac - cept of Thee?
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will be - lieve, And trust in Thee a - lone!
For strength to serve I look to Thee a - lone—The strength Thou must supply!
And from the heart to glad - ly with us say: "I will to Christ be - long!"
To them "I will!" was ev - er Thy re - ply; We rest up - on it now.



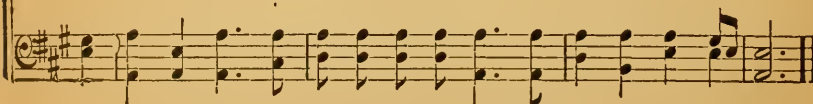
CHORUS, with promptness and spirit.



I will, I will, I will, God helping me, I will be Thine!
I will! I will! I will, I will be Thine!



Thy pre - cious blood was shed to purchase me— I will be whol - ly Thine.



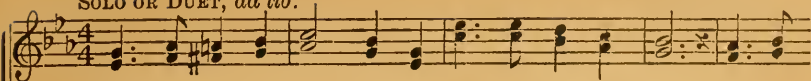
Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

109

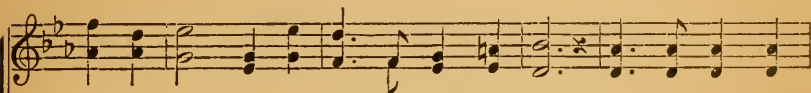
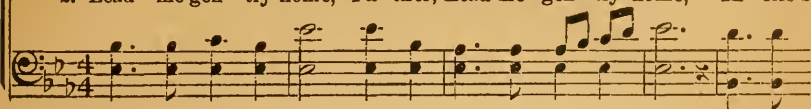
W. L. T.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

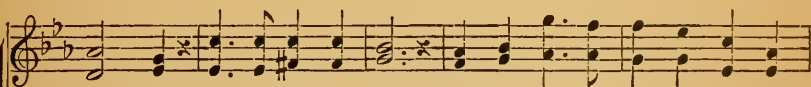
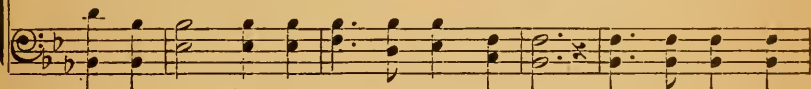
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's



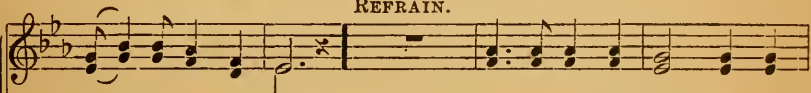
toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come, Sin no more shall
dark - est hours, Fa - ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from



tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther,
wan - d'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I'll fall up - on the way - side,

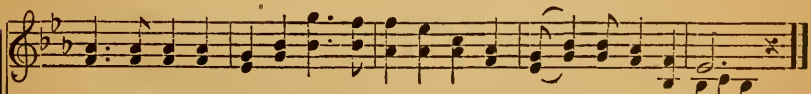
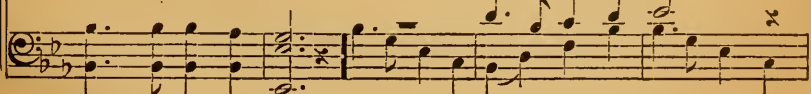


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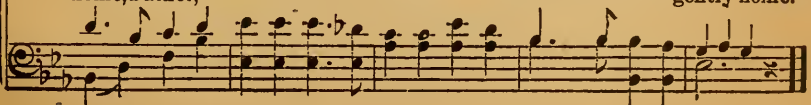


Lead me gen - tly home.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lead me gently home, Fa - ther, Lead me gently



lead me gently, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.
home, Father, gently home.



JAMES ROWE.

- CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev - er on and on with banners bright, March the soldiers of the King;
 2. Ev - er on and on they brave-ly go Thro' the wil-der-ness of sin;
 3. Ev - er on and on, and up-ward led To the fi-nal vic-to-ry,

Worn and wea-ry by the cease-less fight, But the triumph song they sing.
 Ev - er fol-low-ing the flee-ing foe, Oth-er vic-to-ries to win.
 Where a song of tri-umph they shall sing Thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Ev - er march-ing on with the ban-ner bright, As the
 Ev - er on, on, on, with the ban-ner bright,

tri-umph song they sing; Ev - er marching on,
 they sing; Ev - er on, on, on,

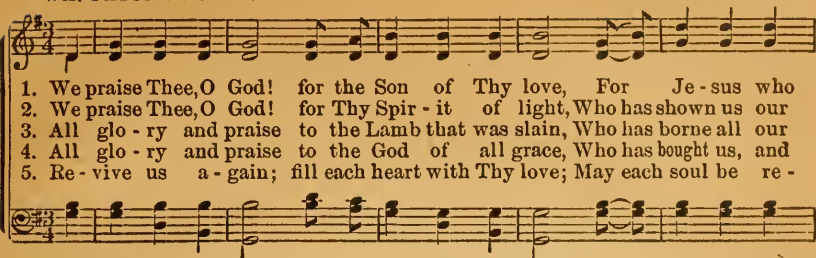
march-ing brave-ly on, Faith-ful sol-diers of the King.
 march-ing on, on, on,

Revive Us Again.

111

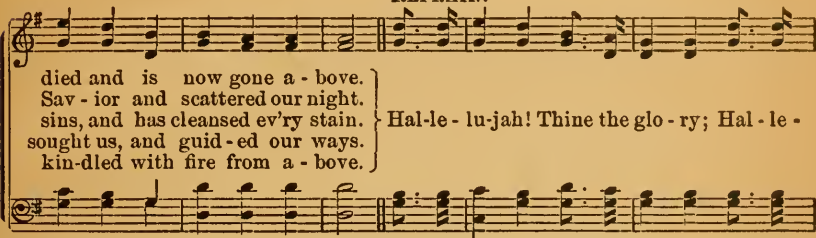
WM. PATON MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

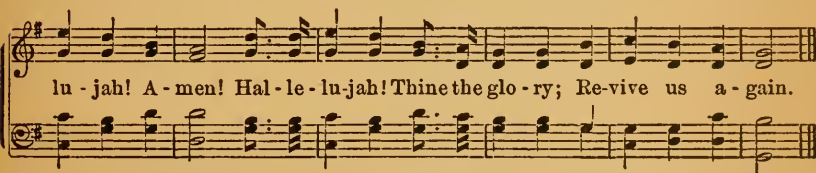


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.



died and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior and scattered our night.
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain. } Hal-le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 kindled with fire from a - bove. }



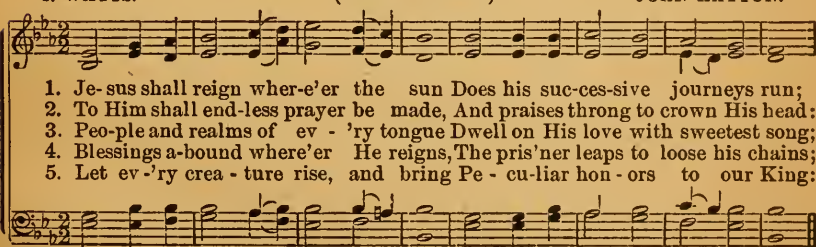
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

Jesus Shall Reign.

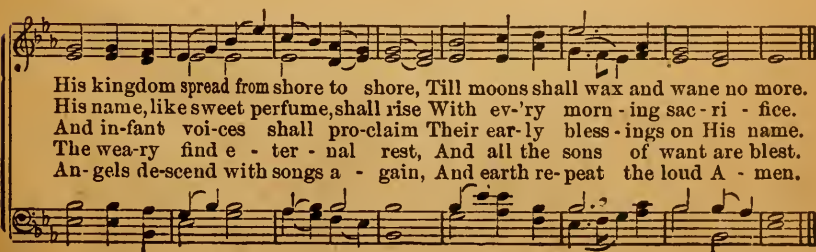
I. WATTS.

(Duke Street.)

JOHN HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
 2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings a - bound where'er He reigns, The pris - ner leaps to loose his chains;
 5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise, and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King:



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

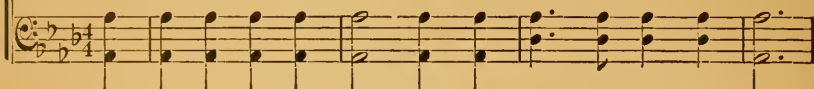
My Lord and I.

MRS. L. SHOREY.

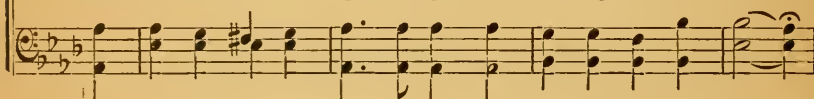
JOSEPH D. LITTLE.



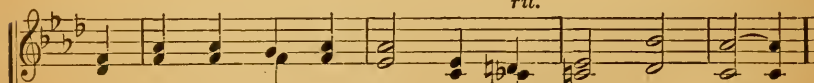
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well:
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
5. He knows how I am long - ing some wea - ry soul to win,



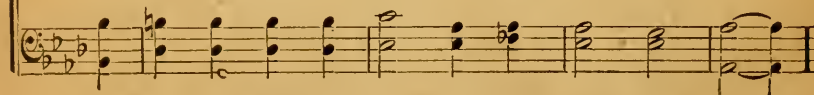
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;
 But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak, A lov - ing word for Him.



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love In ev - 'ry rich sup - ply;
 He tells me what I ought to do, He - tells me what to try;
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;

*rit.*

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I....
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I....
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I....
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I....
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I....



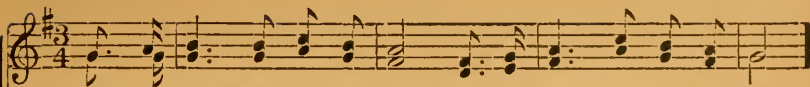
Safely Through Another Week.

113

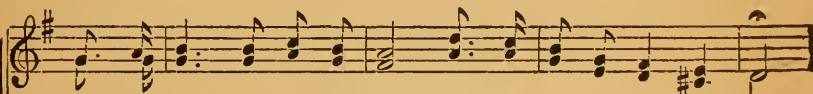
J. NEWTON.

(Sabbath.)

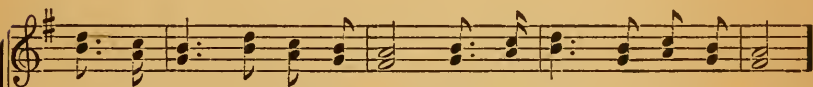
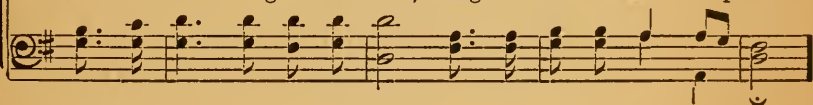
LOWELL MASON.



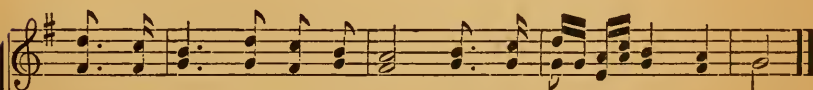
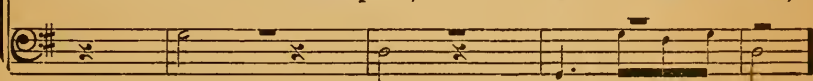
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



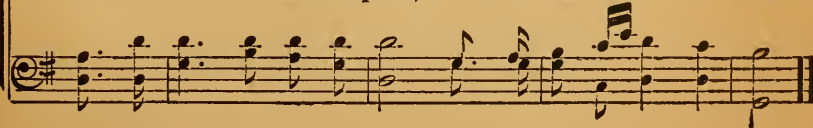
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face—Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free,—May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove;

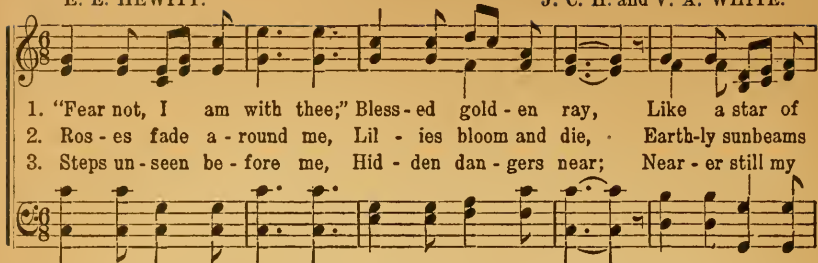


Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free,—May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.

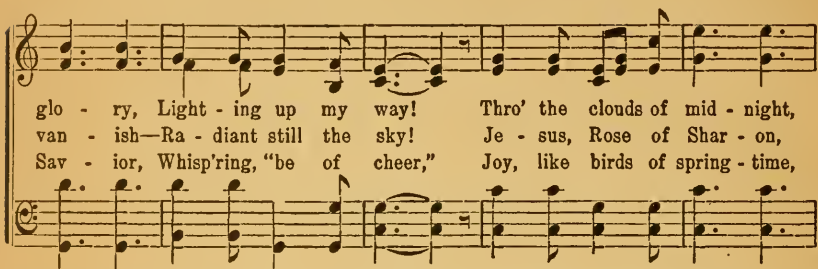


E. E. HEWITT.

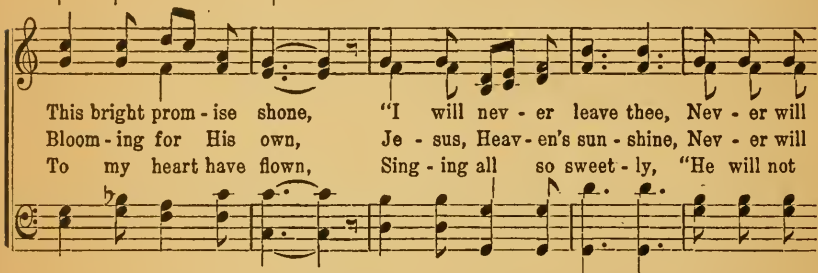
J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.



1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros-es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dan-gers near; Near-er still my

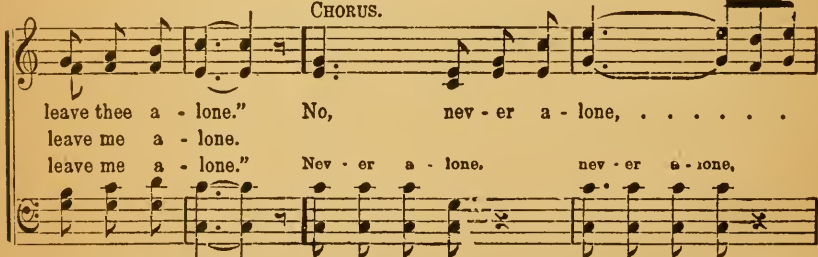


glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,
 Sav-ior, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joy, like birds of spring-time,

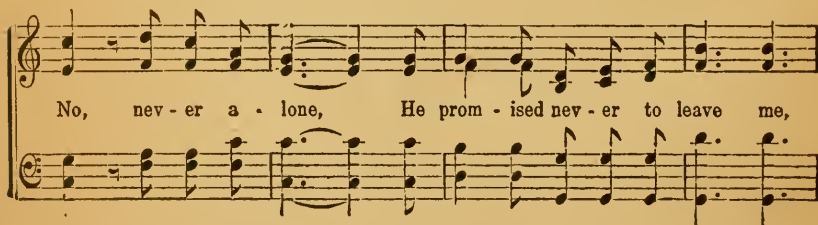


This bright prom-ise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will
 Bloom-ing for His own, Je-sus, Heav-en's sun-shine, Nev-er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

CHORUS.



leave thee a-lone." No, nev-er a-lone,
 leave me a-lone.
 leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,



No, nev-er a-lone, He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,

1 2

Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a first ending bracket over measures 1-4 and a second ending bracket over measures 5-8. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - ior, so
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat). It begins with a first ending bracket over measures 1-4 and a second ending bracket over measures 5-8. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

pre-cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It begins with a first ending bracket over measures 1-4 and a second ending bracket over measures 5-8. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

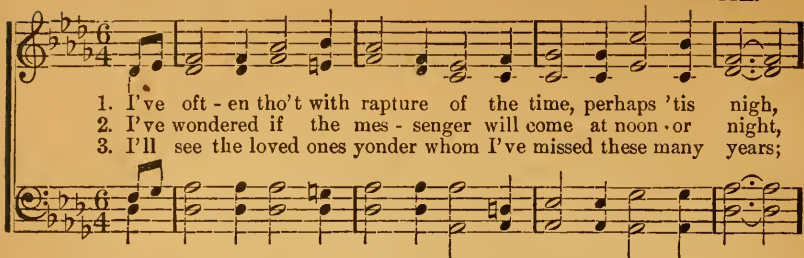
safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
 cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth im - part.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to thee.

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It begins with a first ending bracket over measures 1-4 and a second ending bracket over measures 5-8. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

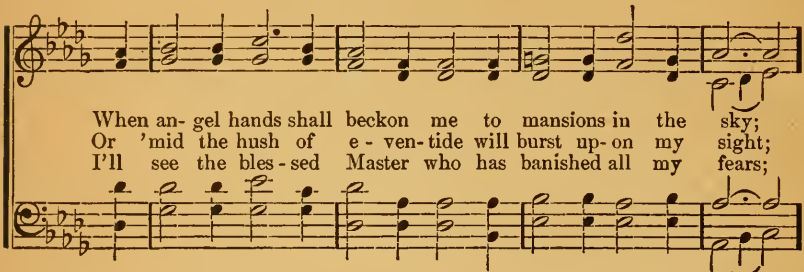
My Everlasting Home.

GEO. D. GELWICKS.

H. G. SMYTH.



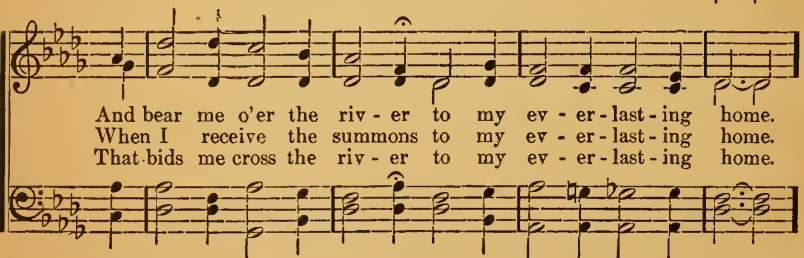
1. I've oft - en tho't with rapture of the time, perhaps 'tis night,
2. I've wondered if the mes - senger will come at noon or night,
3. I'll see the loved ones yonder whom I've missed these many years;



When an - gel hands shall beckon me to mansions in the sky;
Or 'mid the hush of e - ven-tide will burst up-on my sight;
I'll see the bles - sed Master who has banished all my fears;

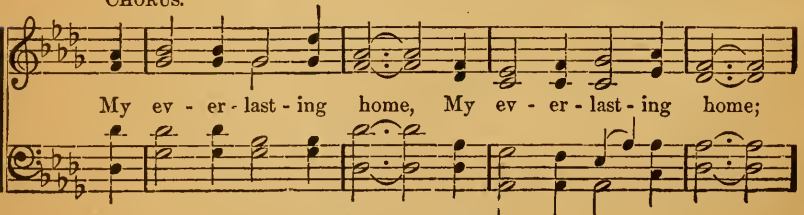


When from the realm of glo - ry bright a mes - senger shall come
Per - haps my fad - ing eyes shall see a midnight, star - ry dome,
Yes, welcome will the message be, no mat - ter where I roam,



And bear me o'er the riv - er to my ev - er - last - ing home.
When I receive the summons to my ev - er - last - ing home.
That bids me cross the riv - er to my ev - er - last - ing home.

CHORUS.



My ev - er - last - ing home, My ev - er - last - ing home;

I'll be, some day, with Je - sus In my ev - er - last - ing home.

Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

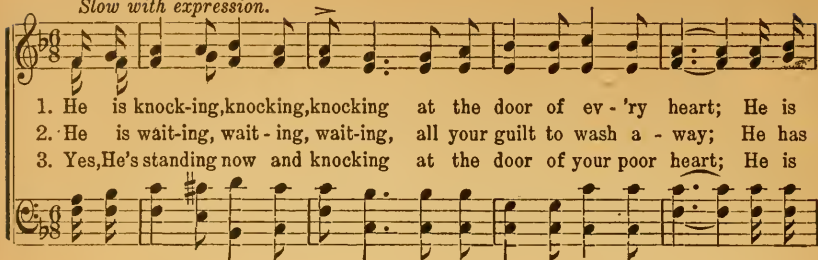
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
 We shall walk and wor ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
 We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

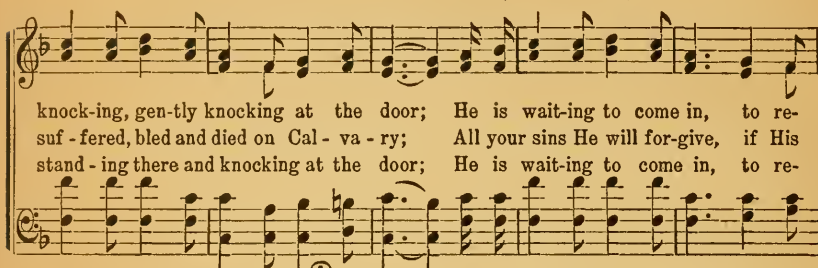
CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er:

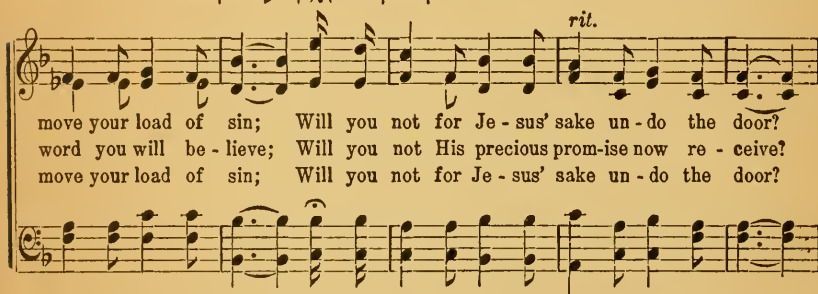
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

Slow with expression.


1. He is knock-ing, knocking, knocking at the door of ev - 'ry heart; He is
 2. He is wait-ing, wait - ing, wait-ing, all your guilt to wash a - way; He has
 3. Yes, He's standing now and knocking at the door of your poor heart; He is

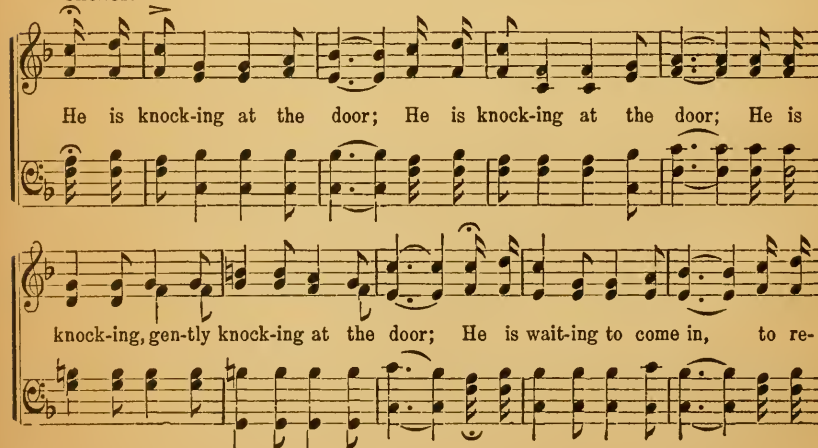


knock-ing, gen-tly knocking at the door; He is wait-ing to come in, to re-
 suf - fered, bled and died on Cal - va - ry; All your sins He will for-give, if His
 stand - ing there and knocking at the door; He is wait-ing to come in, to re-



rit.
 move your load of sin; Will you not for Je - sus' sake un - do the door?
 word you will be - lieve; Will you not His precious prom - ise now re - ceive?
 move your load of sin; Will you not for Je - sus' sake un - do the door?

CHORUS.



He is knock-ing at the door; He is knock-ing at the door; He is
 knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing at the door; He is wait-ing to come in, to re-

rit.

move your load of sin; Will you not for Je - sus, sake un-do the door.

The musical score for 'He is Knocking at the Door' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Loving-Kindness.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand-ing all;
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,

The musical score for 'Loving-Kindness' begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. It contains four lines of lyrics, each corresponding to a line of music. The melody is written on a single staff.

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how good!

This section of the musical score continues the melody from the previous section. It features four lines of lyrics with corresponding musical notation on a single staff. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how free!
 Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how great!
 Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
 Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how good!

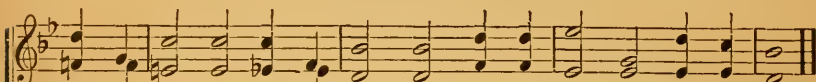
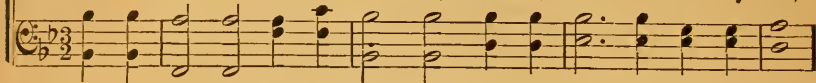
The final section of the musical score for 'Loving-Kindness' consists of four lines of lyrics with corresponding musical notation on a single staff. The melody concludes with a final note. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

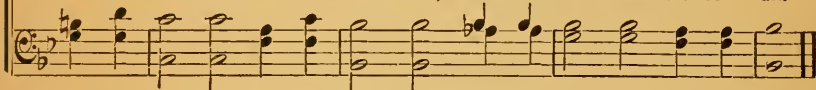
W. H. JUDE.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease;
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, make us hear Thy call;



Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "That we love Him more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.



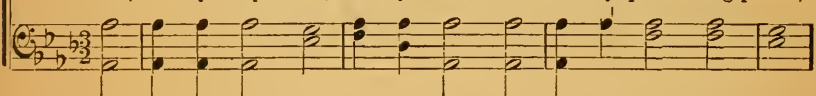
Come, Holy Spirit.

I. WATTS.

WM. H. HAVERGAL.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;
2. Look - how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

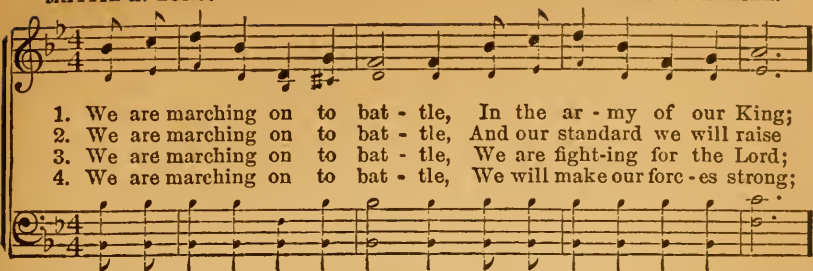


In the Army of Our King.

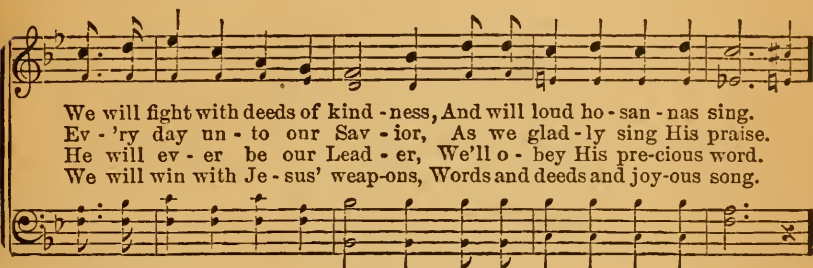
121

MATTIE A. LONG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

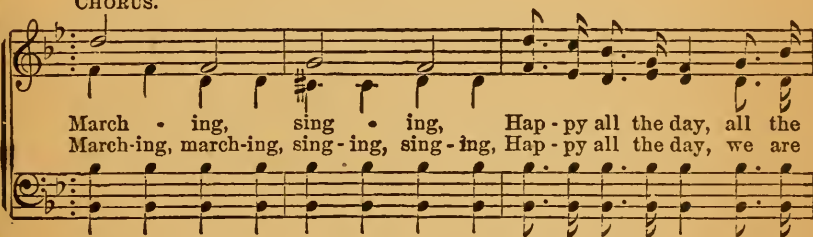


1. We are marching on to bat - tle, In the ar - my of our King;
 2. We are marching on to bat - tle, And our standard we will raise
 3. We are marching on to bat - tle, We are fight - ing for the Lord;
 4. We are marching on to bat - tle, We will make our forc - es strong;

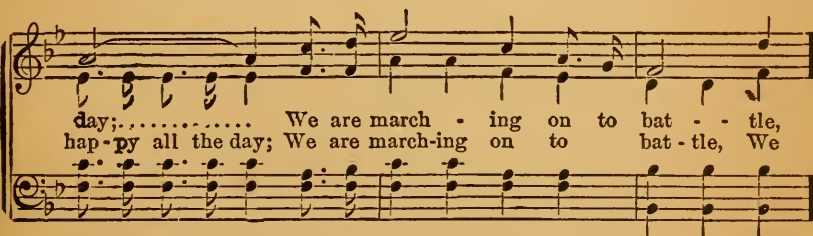


We will fight with deeds of kind - ness, And will loud ho - san - nas sing.
 Ev - 'ry day un - to our Sav - ior, As we glad - ly sing His praise.
 He will ev - er be our Lead - er, We'll o - bey His pre - cious word.
 We will win with Je - sus' weap - ons, Words and deeds and joy - ous song.

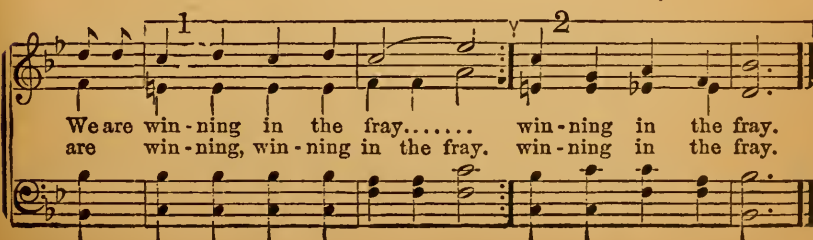
CHORUS.



March - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, all the
 March - ing, march - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, we are



day;..... We are march - ing on to bat - - tle,
 hap - py all the day; We are march - ing on to bat - tle, We



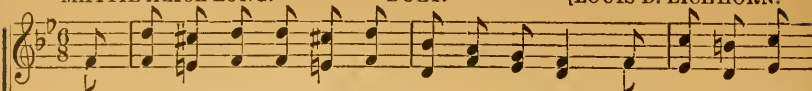
We are win - ning in the fray..... win - ning in the fray.
 are win - ning, win - ning in the fray. win - ning in the fray.

The Pure Water Band.

MATTIE ALICE LONG.

DUET.

[LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



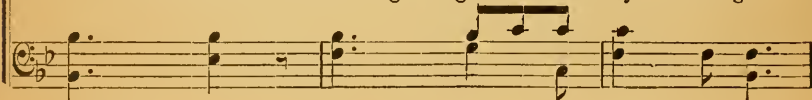
1. Pure wa - ter, cold wa - ter, so spark - ling and bright, From depths of the
2. Pure wa - ter, bright wa - ter, through for - est and down, It cheers and it
3. Pure wa - ter He gives us, the Fa - ther so dear, To make health - y



earth and from mount - ain - ous height, Is sent for our use, our
glad - dens the mead - ows when brown, The tree by the way - side, the
bod - ies and minds ev - er clear, And if we will drink on - ly



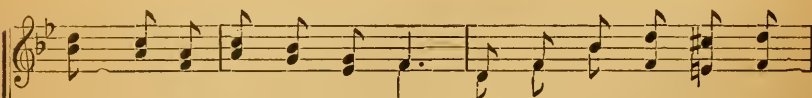
com - fort and cheer, We'll drink on - ly wat - er, sweet, sparkling and clear.
ti - ni - est flow'r Re - spond to its kiss - es up - lift - ing in pow'r.
wa - ter we know More lov - ing and gen - tle each day we will grow.



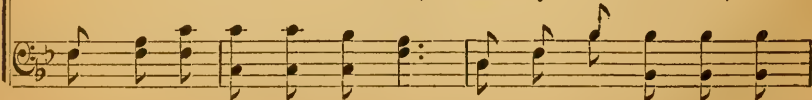
CHORUS.

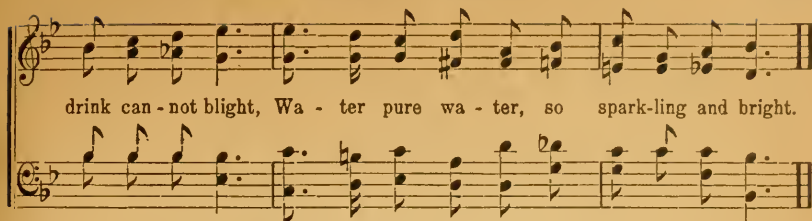


Will you not join us, The Pure Wa - ter Band, Help us drive



al - co - hol out of the land; Kissed by the sun - shine, our



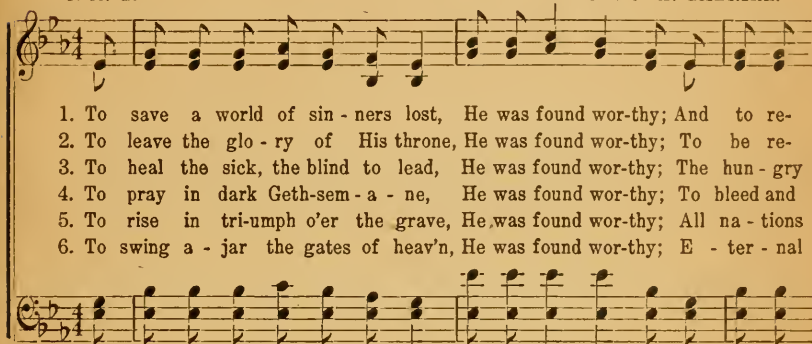


drink can - not blight, Wa - ter pure wa - ter, so spark-ling and bright.

He Was Found Worthy.

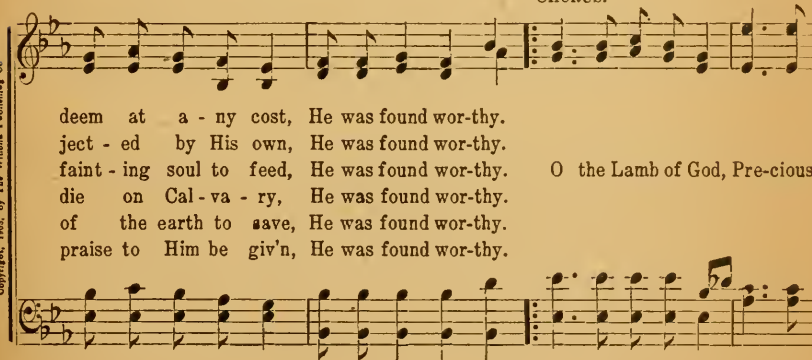
C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

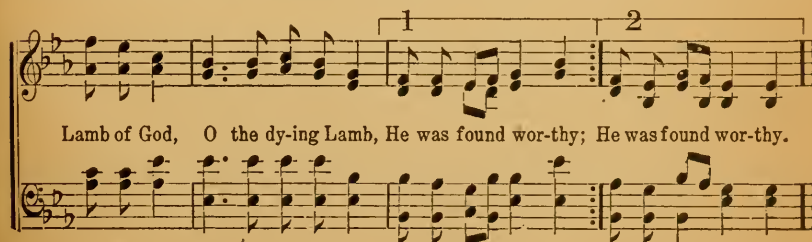


1. To save a world of sin - ners lost, He was found wor - thy; And to re -
 2. To leave the glo - ry of His throne, He was found wor - thy; To be re -
 3. To heal the sick, the blind to lead, He was found wor - thy; The hun - gry
 4. To pray in dark Geth-sem - a - ne, He was found wor - thy; To bleed and
 5. To rise in tri-umph o'er the grave, He was found wor - thy; All na - tions
 6. To swing a - jar the gates of heav'n, He was found wor - thy; E - ter - nal

CHORUS.



deem at a - ny cost, He was found wor - thy.
 ject - ed by His own, He was found wor - thy.
 faint - ing soul to feed, He was found wor - thy. O the Lamb of God, Pre - cious
 die on Cal - va - ry, He was found wor - thy.
 of the earth to save, He was found wor - thy.
 praise to Him be giv'n, He was found wor - thy.



Lamb of God, O the dy - ing Lamb, He was found wor - thy; He was found wor - thy.

C. V. S.

C. V. STRICKLAND.

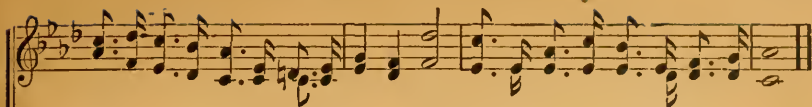
1. In the foot-steps of my Lord and Sav-ior King; I shall fol-low
 2. I will trust the prom-is-es of Christ so sweet, I will lay my
 3. If we'll on-ly trust Him as we jour-ney here, Soon the clouds of

close-ly and His prais-es sing, And His blest ex-am-ple I will
 bur-dens down, low at His feet, I to Him my sac-ri-fic-es
 darkness then will dis-ap-pear, And the land of beau-ty glo-ri-

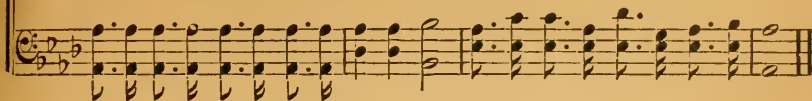
e'er a-dore, Shout-ing loud Ho-san-nas ev-er-more. When in sore temp
 now will bring, Let the ti-dings of sal-va-tion ring. I will la-bor
 ous and bright, We shall see in rap-tu-rous de-light. Soon we'll rest with

ta-tion I would stray, I will look to Je-sus for the way,
 in the har-vest field, For rich boun-ties in a-bund-ant yield,
 loved ones all at home, Nev-er more to wan-der then a-lone,

Trust-ing in His mer-cy, love and grace, I shall run and gain the race. Yes,
 I will look to Je-sus with-out fear For He'll wipe a-way all tears. Yes,
 Soon we'll cross the bright blue crys-tal sea, Ev-er then with Christ to be. Yes,



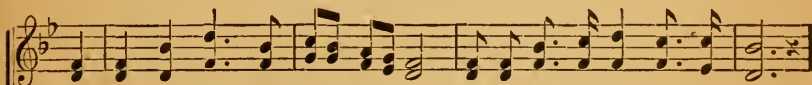
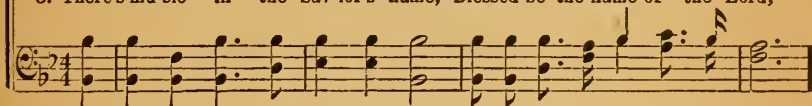
I shall gain the vic-to-ry and then shall rest, Safe at home in heav'n a-mong the blest.



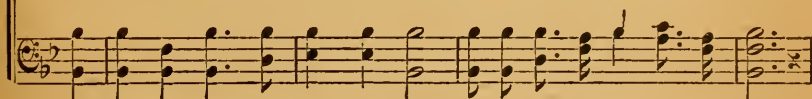
Blessed be the Name.



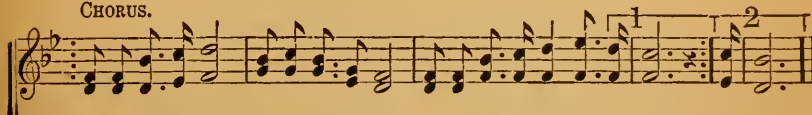
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub - led sin - ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu - sic in the Sav - ior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



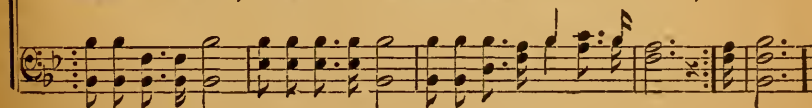
It soothes my sor - rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea - ry sweet - est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro - claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name Blessed be the name of the Lord; the Lord.

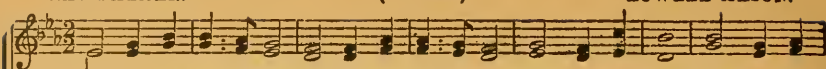


My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

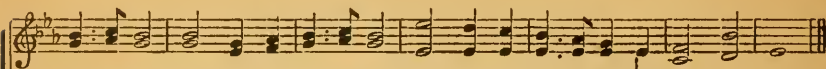
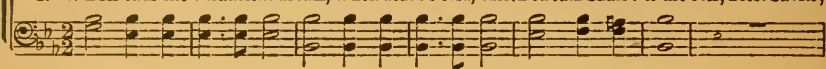
RAY PALMER.

(Olivet.)

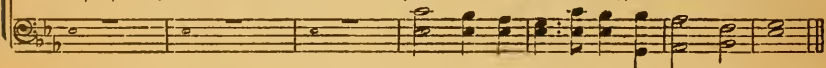
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sav - ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior,



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away. Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side!
 then, in, love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

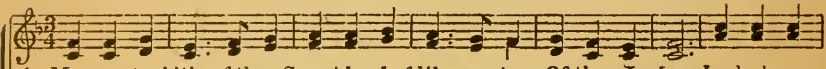


My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

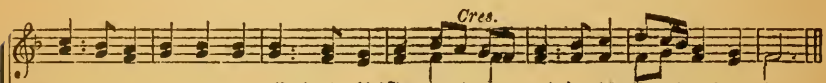
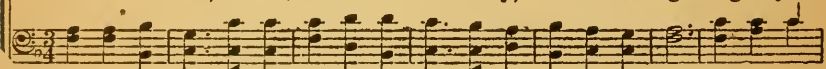
S. F. SMITH.

(America.)

HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake: Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

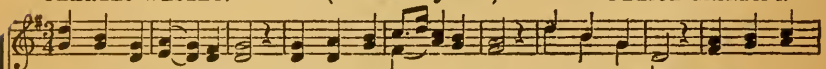


Come, Thou Almighty King.

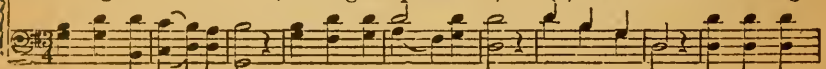
CHARLES WESLEY.

(Italian Hymn.)

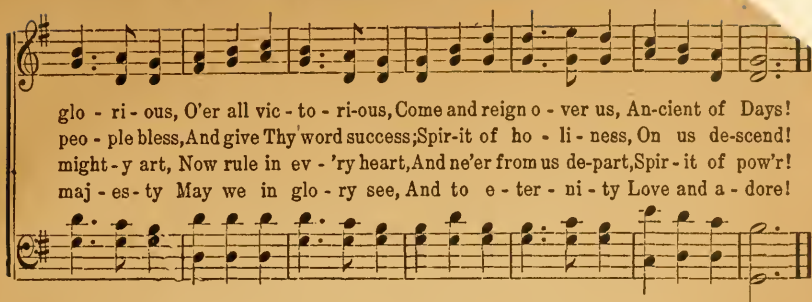
FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Comforter! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence, ev-er-more! His sov-reign



Come, Thou Almighty King. Concluded.



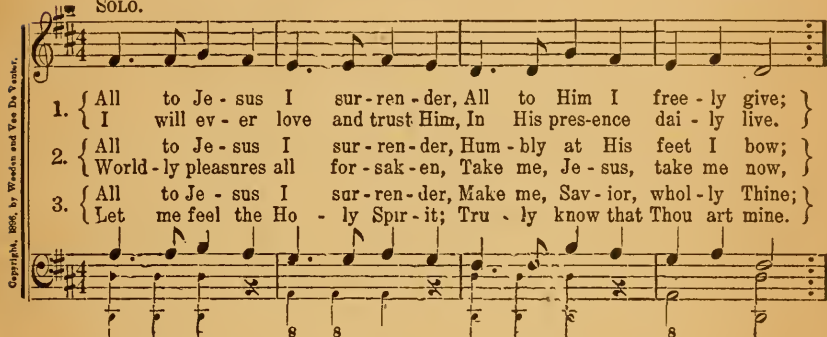
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.



1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now, }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it; Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.



I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all; I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee;
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

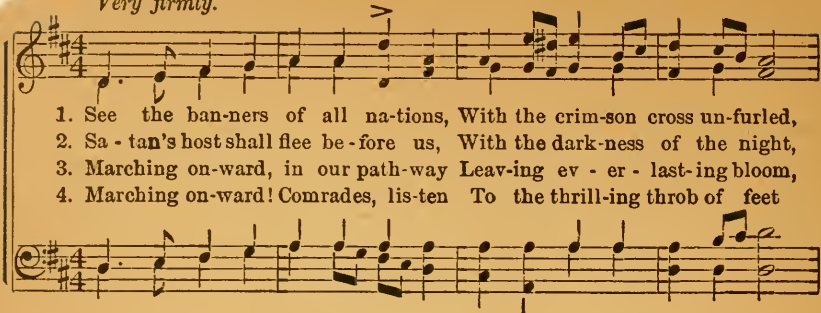
5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to His name!

The New Crusade.

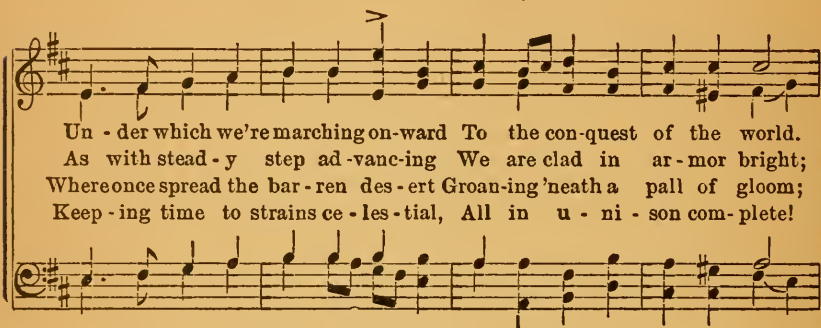
GEO. W. CROFTS.

LOUIS D. EICHORN.

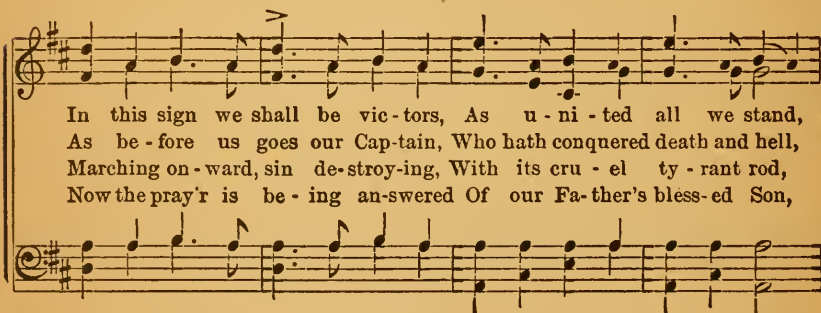
Very firmly.



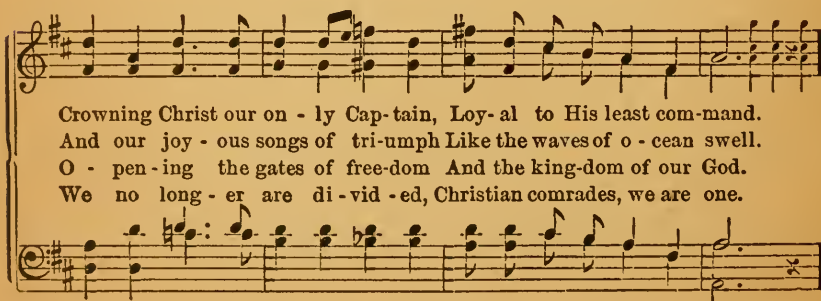
1. See the ban-ners of all na-tions, With the crim-son cross un-furled,
 2. Sa-tan's host shall flee be-fore us, With the dark-ness of the night,
 3. Marching on-ward, in our path-way Leav-ing ev-er-last-ing bloom,
 4. Marching on-ward! Comrades, lis-ten To the thrill-ing throb of feet



Un-der which we're march-ing on-ward To the con-quest of the world.
 As with stead-y step ad-vanc-ing We are clad in ar-mor bright;
 Where-once spread the bar-ren des-ert Groan-ing 'neath a pall of gloom;
 Keep-ing time to strains ce-lestial, All in u-ni-son com-plete!



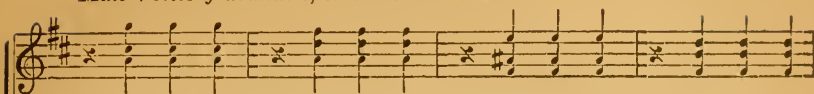
In this sign we shall be vic-tors, As u-ni-ted all we stand,
 As be-fore us goes our Cap-tain, Who hath conquered death and hell,
 Marching on-ward, sin de-destroy-ing, With its cru-el ty-rant rod,
 Now the pray'r is be-ing an-swered Of our Fa-ther's bless-ed Son,



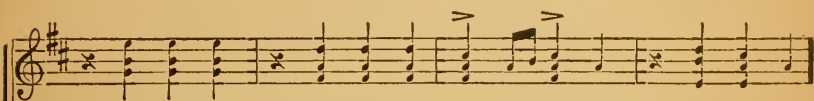
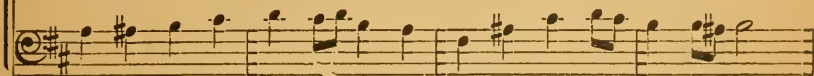
Crowning Christ our on-ly Cap-tain, Loy-al to His least com-mand.
 And our joy-ous songs of tri-umph Like the waves of o-cean swell.
 O-pen-ing the gates of free-dom And the king-dom of our God.
 We no long-er are di-vid-ed, Christian comrades, we are one.

CHORUS.

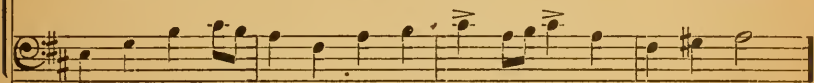
Male Voices if available, otherwise All Voices.



For-ward, for-ward, all in un - ion, For-ward, for-ward, all in line;



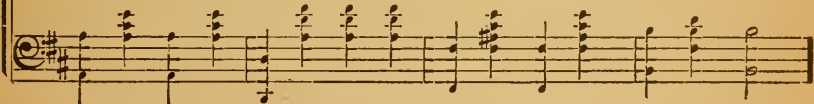
For-ward 'neath the crim-son ban-ner, We shall con-quer in this sign!



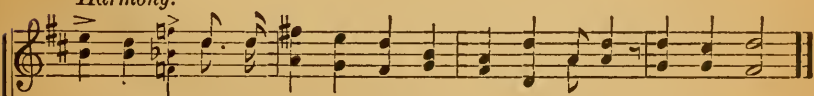
All Unison.



For-ward, for-ward, all in un - ion, For-ward, for - ward, all in line;



Harmony.



For-ward 'neath the crim-son ban-ner, We shall con-quer in this sign.

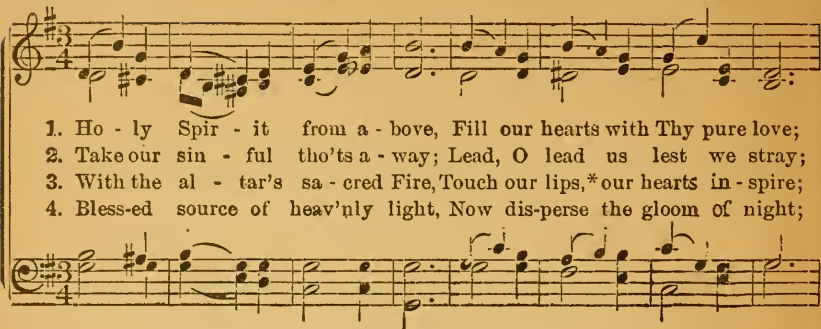


Holy Spirit, from Above.

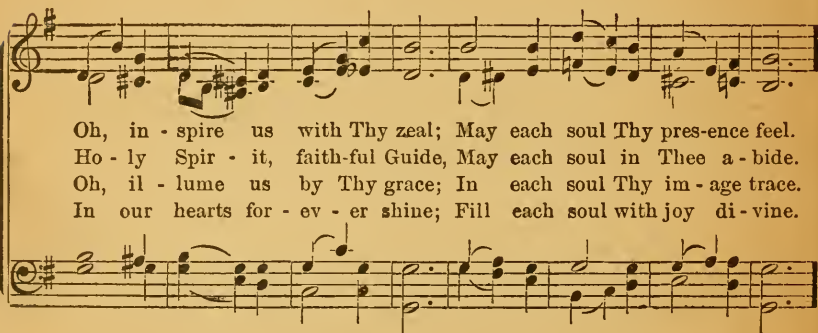
(INSCRIBED TO REV. C. H. TYNDALL.)

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
 2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray;
 3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips,* our hearts in - spire;
 4. Bless-ed source of heav'nly light, Now dis-purse the gloom of night;



Oh, in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy pres-ence feel.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
 Oh, il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
 In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.

f REFRAIN. *Don't hurry.* *f*



Ho-ly Spirit from Thy throne a-bove, Fill us with the Savior's dy-ing love;



f Now descend upon us, Heav'nly Dove; Come, Thou blessed Comforter. A - men.

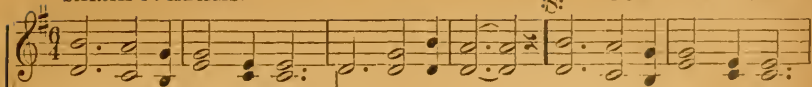
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

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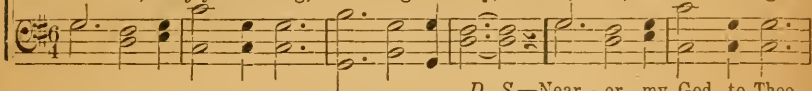
SARAH F. ADAMS.

♩

LOWELL MASON.



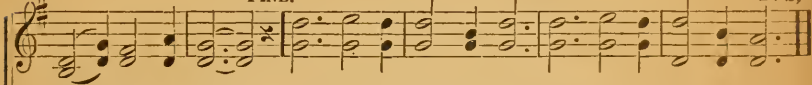
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me,
4. Then, with my wak - ing that's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,



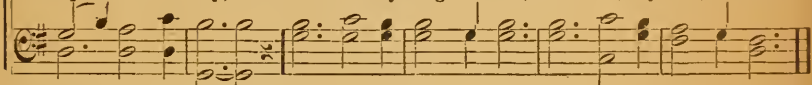
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

D. S.



That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,



Near - er to Thee!

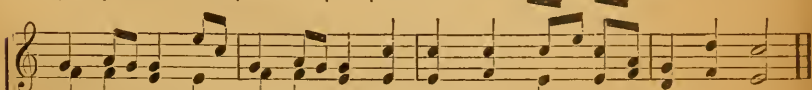
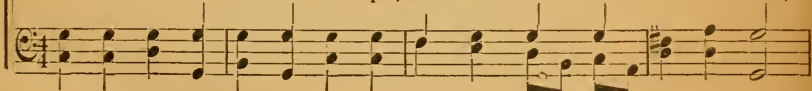
There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

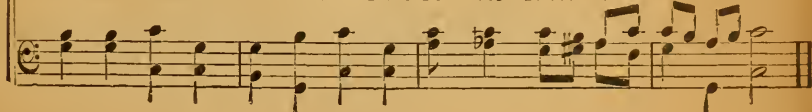
LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



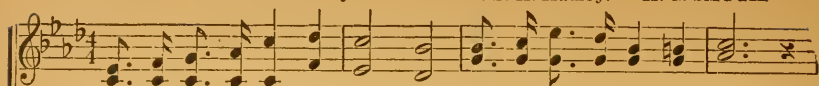
1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;



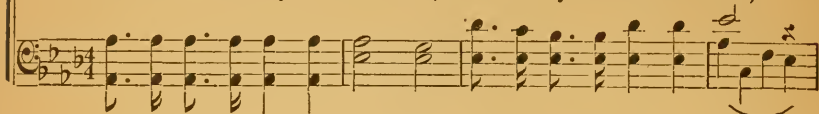
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.



H. G. SMYTH. Dedicated to my dear friend Mr. S. H. Hadley. H. G. SMYTH.



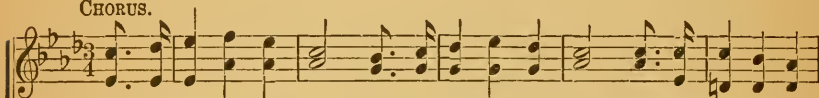
1. When my days on earth are o - ver, And I cross the un - known sea,
2. When I reach the glo - rious home - land, All the sor - row, pain and tears,
3. When the har - vest days are o - ver, And I lay the sick - le down,



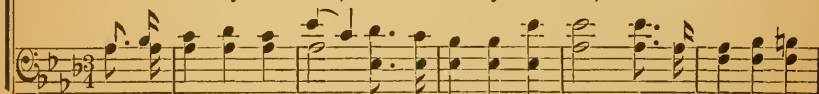
I shall reach the blessed Home - land Where the Sav - ior waits for me.
 Will be changed to sweetest mu - sic In its nev - er end - ing years.
 May I hear Him whisper "Well done" Thou hast gained the vic - tor's crown.



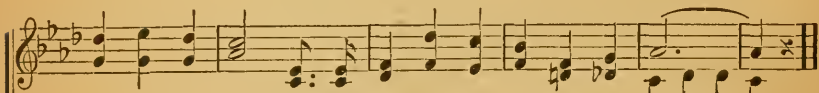
CHORUS.



For I'll some day be there, In that Cit - y so fair, With the Mas - ter I



love and a - dore; . . . and a - dore . . . I shall some day be there, And His



glo - ry shall share With the ran - somed of earth ev - er more.
 ev - er more,

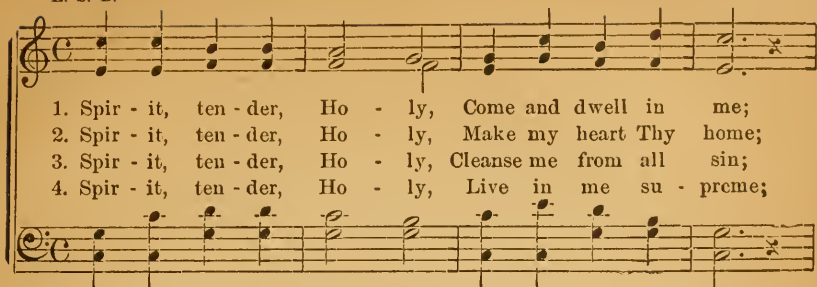


Spirit, Tender, Holy.

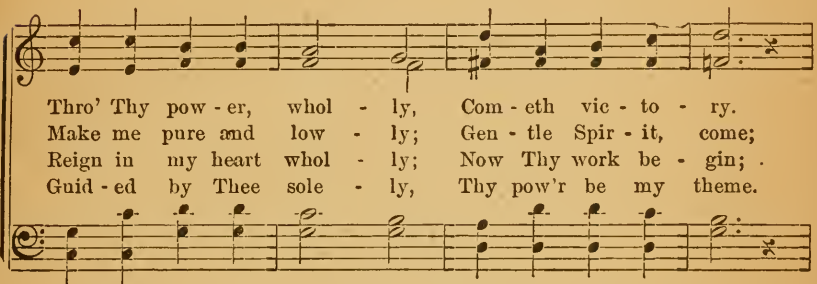
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E. S. B.

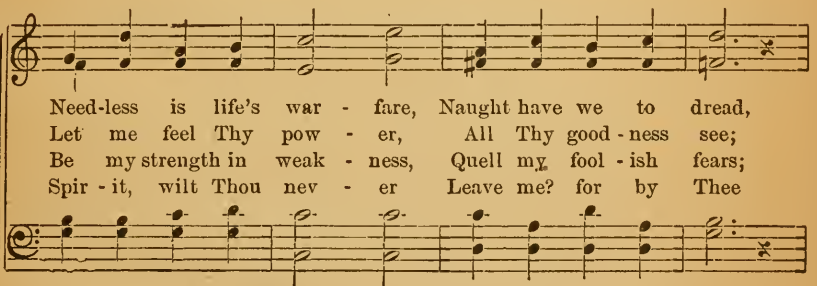
EFFIE S. BLACK.



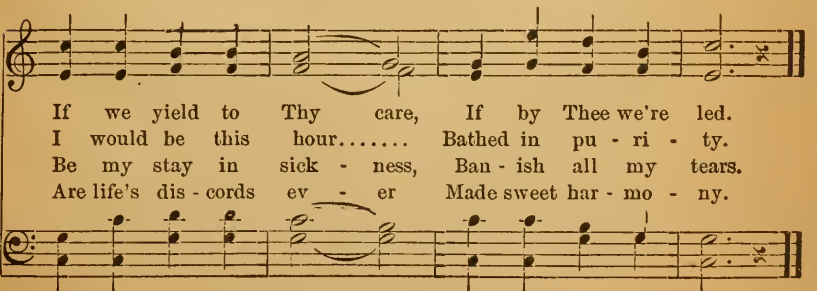
1. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Come and dwell in me;
 2. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Make my heart Thy home;
 3. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Cleanse me from all sin;
 4. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Live in me su - preme;



Thro' Thy pow - er, whol - ly, Com - eth vic - to - ry.
 Make me pure and low - ly; Gen - tle Spir - it, come;
 Reign in my heart whol - ly; Now Thy work be - gin;
 Guid - ed by Thee sole - ly, Thy pow'r be my theme.



Need - less is life's war - fare, Naught have we to dread,
 Let me feel Thy pow - er, All Thy good - ness see;
 Be my strength in weak - ness, Quell my fool - ish fears;
 Spir - it, wilt Thou nev - er Leave me? for by Thee



If we yield to Thy care, If by Thee we're led.
 I would be this hour..... Bathed in pu - ri - ty.
 Be my stay in sick - ness, Ban - ish all my tears.
 Are life's dis - cords ev - er Made sweet har - mo - ny.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sun-light thro'
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While its hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heav'n de-scend-ing, With glo - ri - fied
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick - ness, no

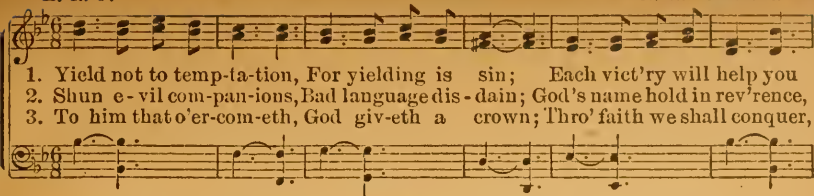
dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
 chance, that the black-ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

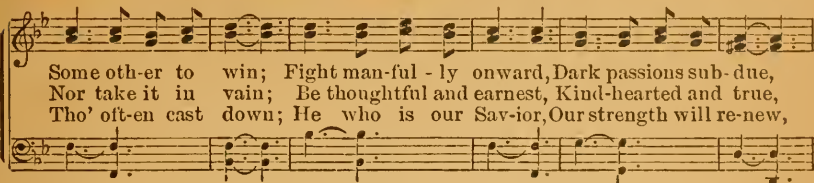
CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

turn-eth; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

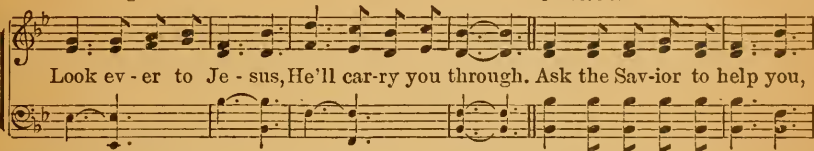


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will help you
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in rev'rence,
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall conquer,

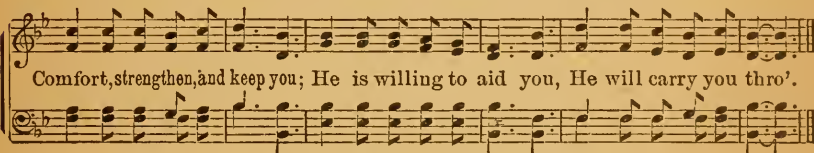


Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly onward, Dark passions sub-due,
 Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
 Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.



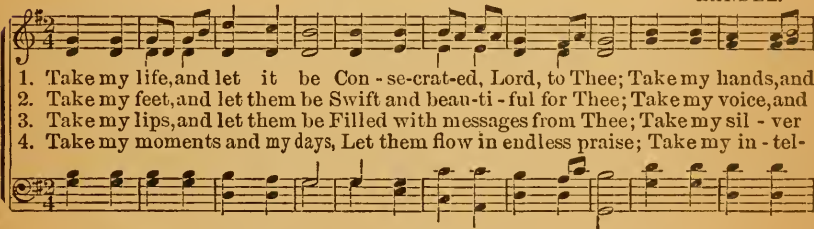
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Sav-ior to help you,



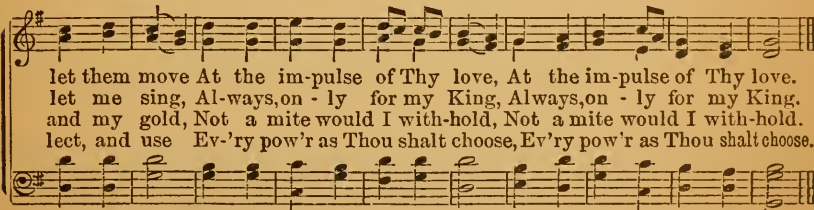
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

HANDEL.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee; Take my sil-ver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in-tel-



let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly for my King, Always, on-ly for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own.
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

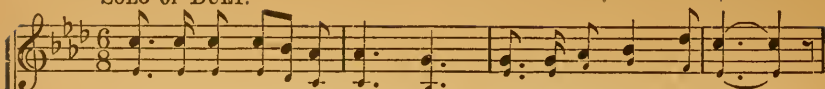
6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

136 Show Me the Way, My Shepherd.

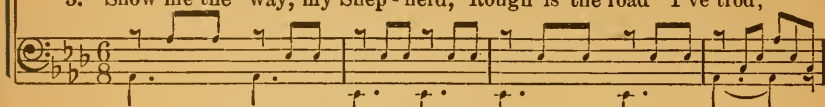
J. S. F.

J. S. FEARIS.

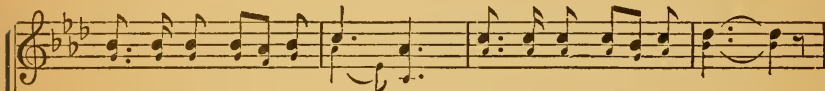
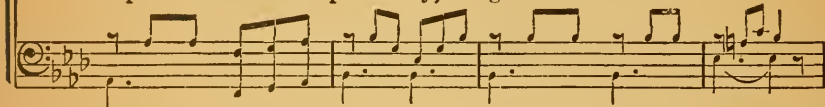
SOLO or DUET.



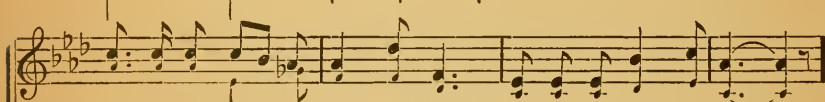
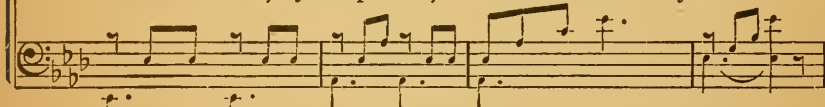
1. Show me the way, my Shep-herd, Show me the way to go;
2. Show me the way, my Shep-herd, I can-not go a-lone;
3. Show me the way, my Shep-herd, Rough is the road I've trod;



Lead me from out the shad-ows, In-to the sunlight's glow;
Thine is the strength that holds me, I dare not trust my own.
Keep me with-in that path-way, Bright with the love of God.



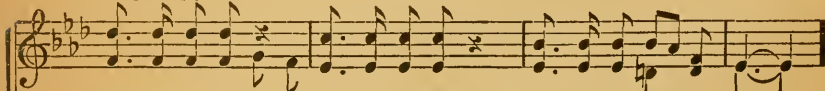
Out of the fear and doubt-ing, In-to the peace and rest;
Guide me to those green pas-tures Where the still wa-ters be;
So let me walk, my Shep-herd, That those a-round may see



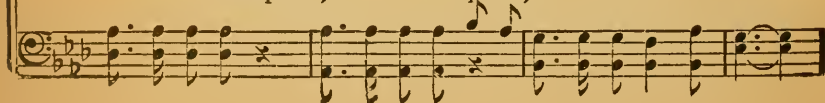
Show me the way to per-fect faith, Then shall my soul be blest.
Save me from storms of doubt and fear, Keep me still close to Thee.
On-ly Thy grace, and love-and know I have been led by Thee.



REFRAIN.



Show me the way, Show me the way, Show me the way to go;
Shepherd, Shepherd,



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If led by Thy hand, my Shepherd, No e - vil my soul can know.

Rock of Ages.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward then ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
 Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
 voic-es In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or,

Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go!
 All one bod-y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
 'Gainst the Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
 Un-to Christ the King This thro' countless a-ges, Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war,
 With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Little Soldiers.

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(Song for Primary Department.)

MATTIE ALICE LONG.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

Quick march time.

1. Sol - dier boys and girls are we, March - ing with our King;
2. Brave and true we hope to be To our col - ors all,

At the front we bear the cross, While for Christ we sing.
And to con - quer sin we'll try, Nev - er must we fall.

CHORUS.

This is the sign, the flag of all the true; Bravely we bear the red, the white and blue.

This is the sign, the flag of all the true; Brave - ly we bear the red, the white and blue.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

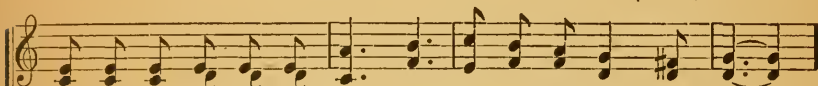
H. R. PALMER.



1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep;
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



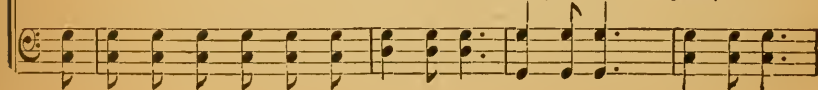
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh has-ten, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



CHORUS.

*p**pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace be still!
 Peace, be still! peace, be still!



Master, the Tempest is Raging. Concluded. 141



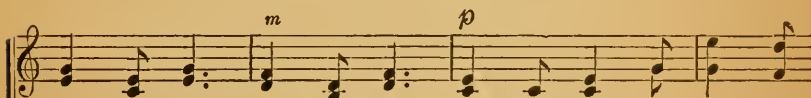
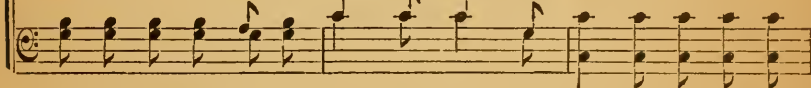
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what



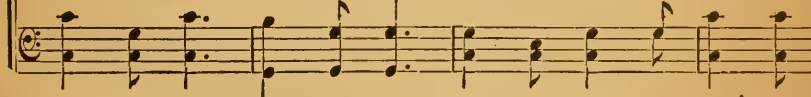
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o -



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

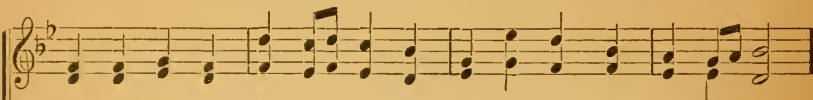


CHARLES WESLEY.

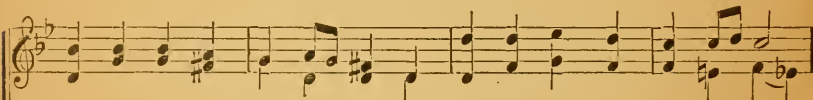
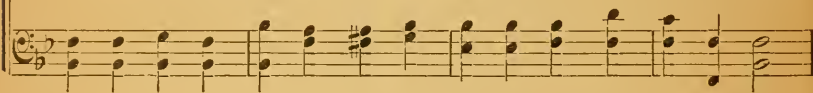
JOHN ZUNDEL.



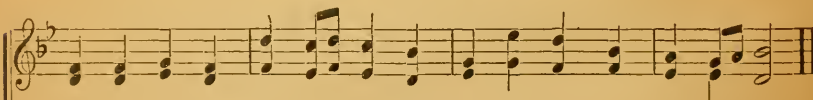
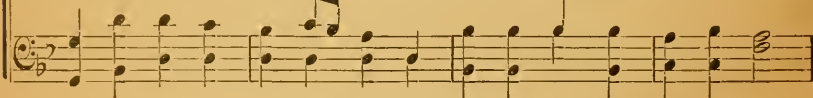
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee;



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas-sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



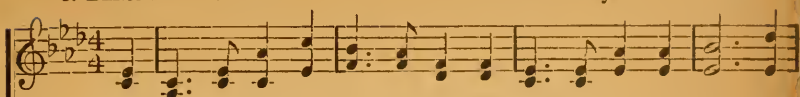
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion: En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



I Know That Some Sweet Morn I'll Wake. 143

C. BENJAMIN HOPKINS.

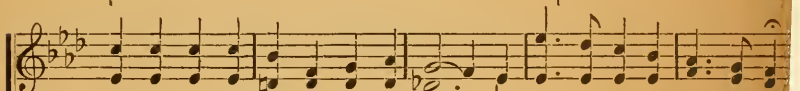
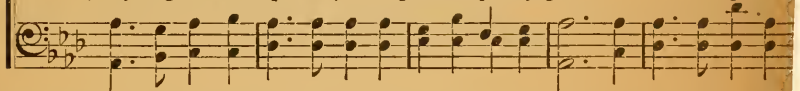
Cho. and Arr. by H. G. SMYTH.



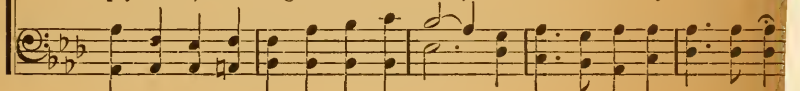
1. I know that some sweet morn I'll wake Beyond life's trials and tears, Christ
2. My dear Redeem - er I shall see, I'll know his blessed face; I'll
3. I love to think of that fair morn, Whose dawn my soul awaits, When



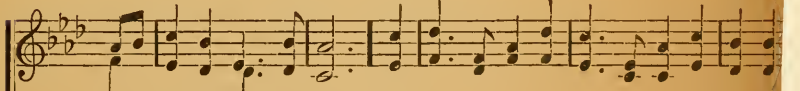
then the meaning clear will make, Of all these weary years. Some day upon the
need no hand to point to me That form of love and grace. But when I meet him
I, by angel hands upborne, Will pass the pearly gates. I would not go with



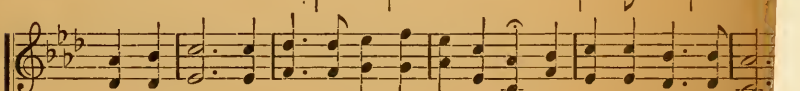
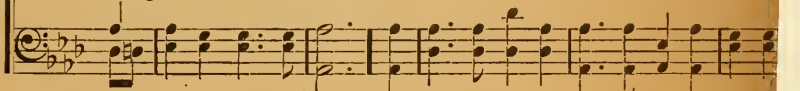
gold - en strand Of that ce - lestial shore I'll clasp again each long-lost hand
face to face, When I his glo - ry see, O will he find the faintest trace
empty hands, But bring him treasures rare, That when before my Lord I stand



CHORUS.



Of loved ones gone before. }
Of his dear self in me? } But, Saviour, on my journey here Some soul I
He'll give me welcome there. }



bring to thee, That when in glory I appear Someone will welcome me.



L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whis-per in
 2. Speak to Thy chil-dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal Thy will; Let me know

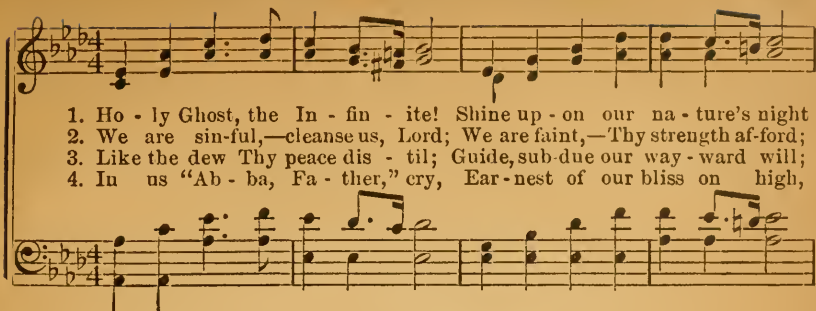
lov - ing kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear Thee,
 joy and glad-ness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se - cra - tion
 all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee,

Quick-ly to hear Thy voice; Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee re-joice.
 Yield their whole lives to Thee; Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Help me to show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy bid-ding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

{ Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis-pers of love to me;
 { Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in ten - d'rest tone;

"Thou shalt be al - ways con-qu'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free."
 Let me now hear Thy whis per, "Thou art not left (*Omit.* . .) a - lone."



1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fin - ite! Shine up - on our na - ture's night
 2. We are sin - ful, — cleanse us, Lord; We are faint, — Thy strength af - ford;
 3. Like the dew Thy peace dis - til; Guide, sub - due our way - ward will;
 4. In us "Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry, Ear - nest of our bliss on high,

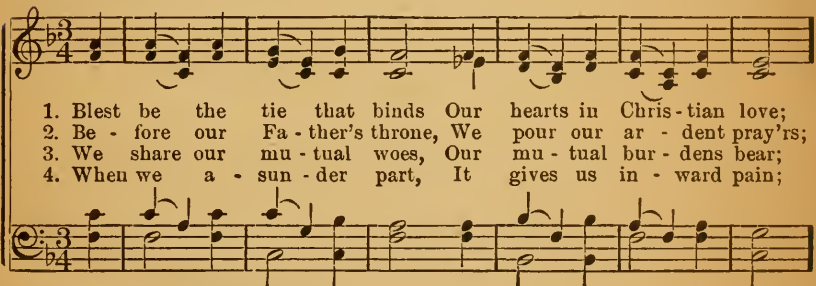


With Thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Lost, un - til by Thee re - stored, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Things of Christ un - fold - ing still, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Seal of im - mor - tal - i - ty, Com - fort - er Di - vine!

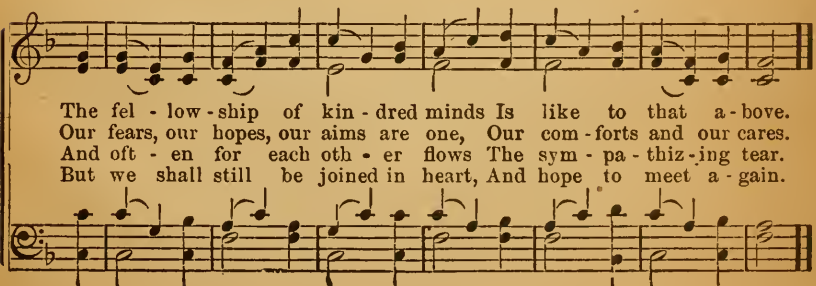
Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAEGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

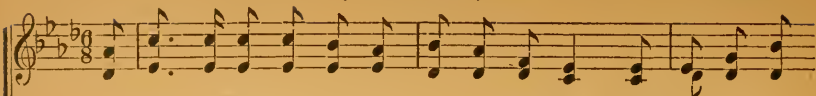


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

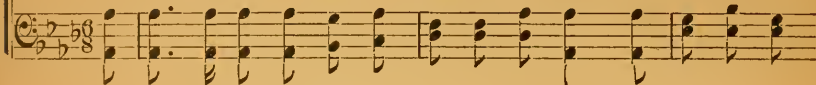
REV. W. B. WILLIAMS.

(Good as a solo.)

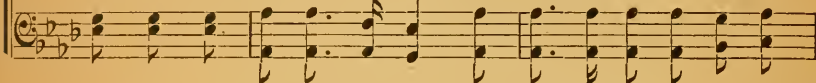
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



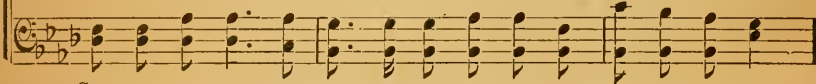
1. O, when I shall en - ter the glo - ri - fied land, What won - der - ful
2. What source of de - light and of in - fin - ite cheer, To meet with our
3. What pleas - ure to meet with the mar - tyrs of old, A - pos - tles and
4. Ten thou - sand of a - ges will pass like an hour, While we are en -



sights will my rap - ture com - mand! What o - ceans of mer - cy! what
 friends who on earth were so dear; To talk of our cares while we
 proph - ets, their fac - es be - hold; And hear them re - call their tem -
 chant - ed with vis - ions of pow'r; Oh, then, shall we joy in sal -



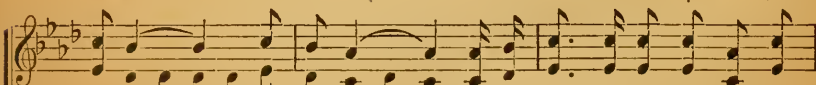
riv - ers of peace! What gar - dens and or - chards and fruit - ful in - crease!
 jour - neyed be - low, And speak of the blood that hath washed us like snow.
 pest - u - ous strife, And how the great God did de - liv - er their life.
 va - tion from sin, And Christ who the tri - umph o'er Sa - tan did win.



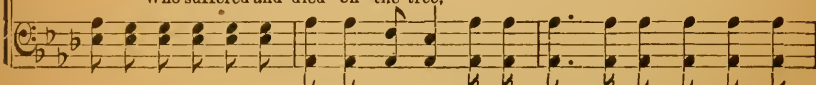
CHORUS



But the beau - ty of heav'n and its glo - ry will be, My



Sav - ior, my Sav - ior, Yes the beau - ty of heav'n, and its
 Who suffered and died on the tree,



glo - ry will be, My Sav - ior, my Sav - ior!
Sav - ior, my won - der - ful

Never Look Back Again.

JAMES M. GRAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O nev - er look back to the world a - gain When once you have turned a - way;
2. Re - mem - ber the pil - lar in yon - der plain, And nev - er such end in - voke,
3. How ma - ny set out for the prom - ised land Whose bones in the des - ert slept,
4. O if you have fastened your hand to plow, Then nev - er look back a - gain!

Its sin is as real and its pleasure as vain To - day as on yes - ter - day.
The rec - ord of one who was look - ing a - gain When Sod - om went up in smoke.
What blessings awaited when Jordan was spanned, But they for old Egypt wept.
Keep true to your fur - row, and hold to your vow, That heav - en you may at - tain.

CHORUS.

It's the same old world you once did flee, Nev - er look back a - gain!
O nev - er look back

It's just the same as it used to be, O nev - er look back a - gain!

Hallelujah for the Cross!

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand - eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! De-
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! It's
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our

fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown,
 tri - umph let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shown,
 sins on Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing,

cres. *ff*
 The world its hate hath shown, Yet, it is not o - ver - thrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
 Thro' Christ the blessed son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
 Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

cres. *ff*

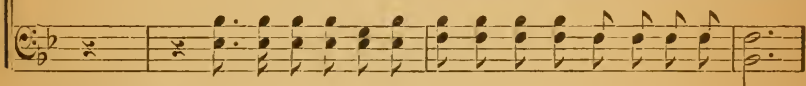
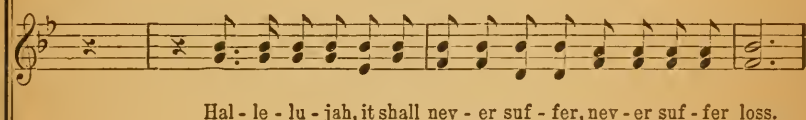
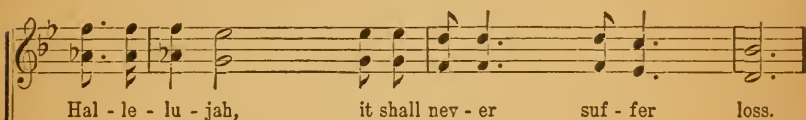
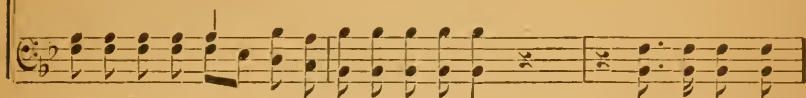
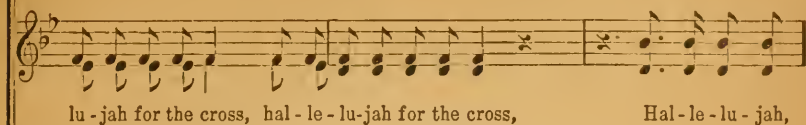
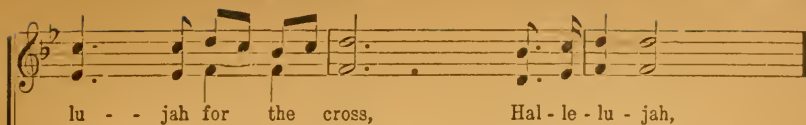
Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.

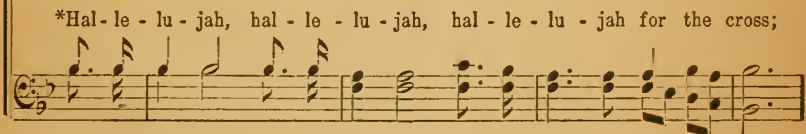
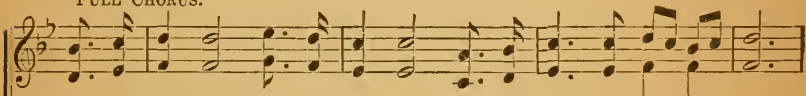
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

CHO. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

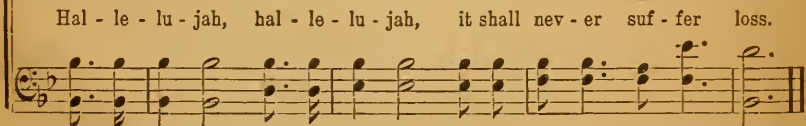
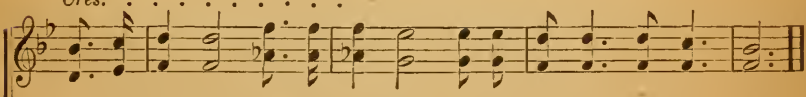
* If desired, the soprano and alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.



FULL CHORUS.

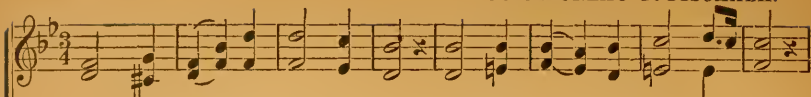


Cres.

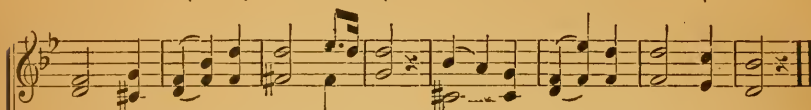
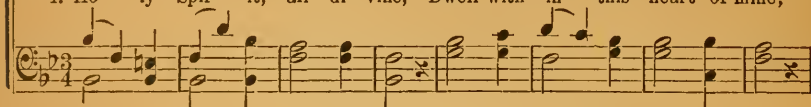


*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

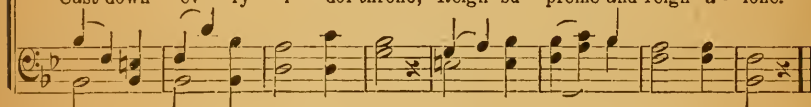
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghôst, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.



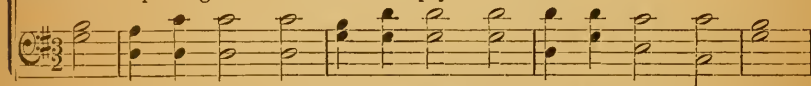
I Do Believe.

I. WATTS.

UNKNOWN.



1. A - las and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.



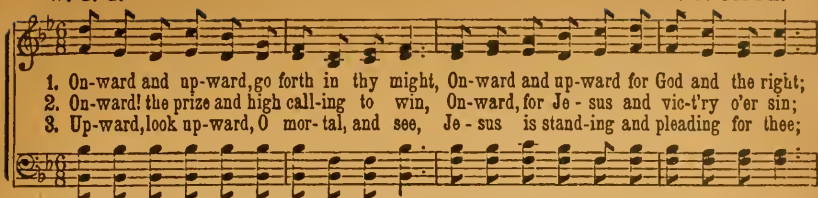
And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Onward and Upward.

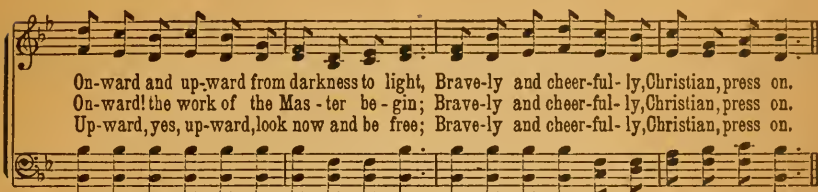
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W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

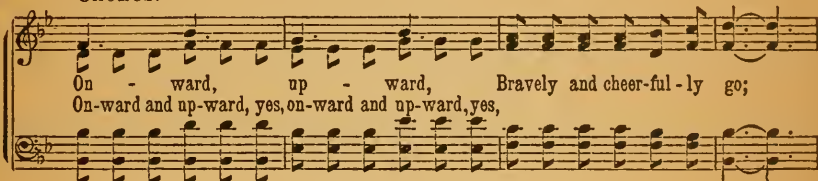


1. On-ward and up-ward, go forth in thy might, On-ward and up-ward for God and the right;
 2. On-ward! the prize and high call-ing to win, On-ward, for Je - sus and vic-t'ry o'er sin;
 3. Up-ward, look up-ward, O mor-tal, and see, Je - sus is stand-ing and pleading for thee;

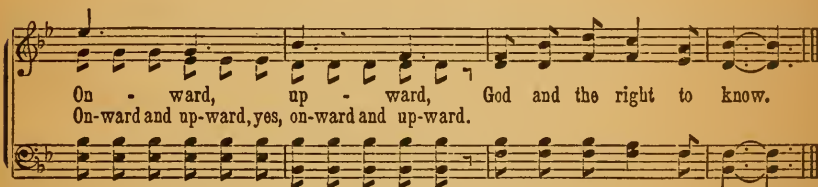


On-ward and up-ward from darkness to light, Brave-ly and cheer-ful-ly, Christian, press on.
 On-ward! the work of the Mas - ter be - gin; Brave-ly and cheer-ful-ly, Christian, press on.
 Up-ward, yes, up-ward, look now and be free; Brave-ly and cheer-ful-ly, Christian, press on.

CHORUS.



On - ward, up - ward, Bravely and cheer-ful-ly go;
 On-ward and up-ward, yes, on-ward and up-ward, yes,



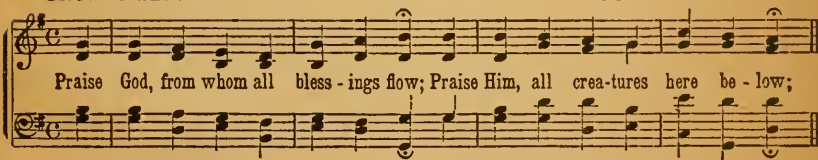
On - ward, up - ward, God and the right to know.
 On-ward and up-ward, yes, on-ward and up-ward.

Doxology.

(Old Hundred.)

THOMAS KEN.

GUILLAME FRANC.



Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a-lone, Can
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll
 4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then
 5. And when be-fore His throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll

CHORUS.

weakness, watch, and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
 "Je-sus paid it all," Shall rent the vault-ed skies.
 lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Je-sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

(Key of D.)

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

He Leadeth Me.

(Key of D.)

- 1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
- REF.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
 By His own hand He leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, or troubled sea,
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

SELECTION I

Psalm 51

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else

would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

SELECTION II

Isalah 53

WHO hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,

and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.
9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION III

John 3:1-18

THERE was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he

enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9 Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

10 Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

18 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

SELECTION IV

Isalah 55

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and you labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return

unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION V

Psalm 142

I CRIED unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knevest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Psalm 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be

moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SELECTION VI

Psalm 1

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of the sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of

the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

St. John 10:1-10

VERILY, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

8 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

9 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

10 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

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